

Entertainment

#776 • July 30, 2004

WEEKLY

The Village

CAN THE MAKER OF
'THE SIXTH SENSE'
DO IT AGAIN?

The Twisted
Story Behind
M. Night
Shyamalan's
New Thriller

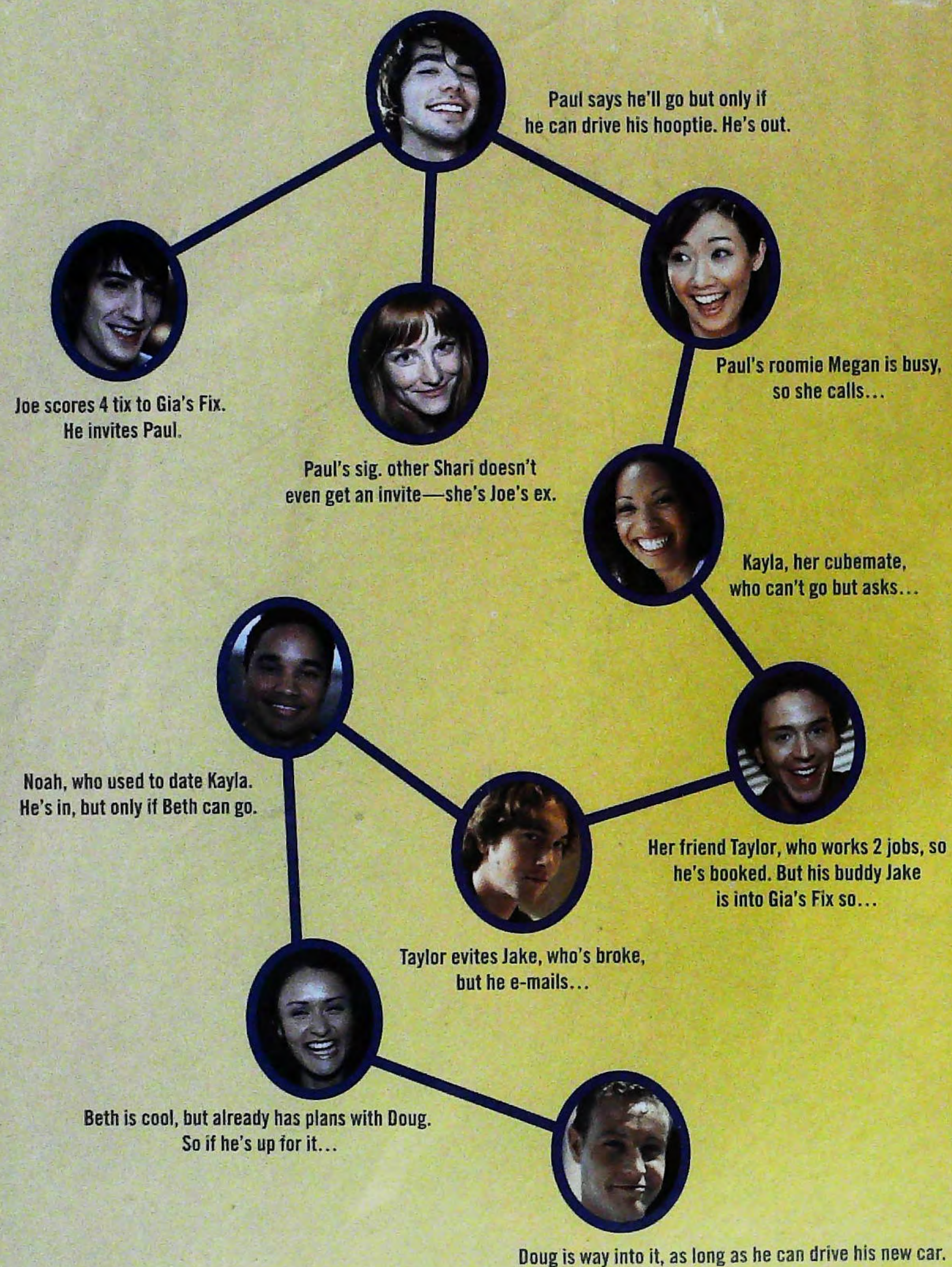


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Joaquin Phoenix as Lucius



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BY JOSH ROTTENBERG

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King threw down the gauntlet: Send us your favorite movie lines. And thousands of you did. Here are your picks for the greatest cinema quotes ever. BY STEPHEN KING

38 | Ken Wahl Comes Tumbling Down The former *Wiseguy* star recounts the downs (alcoholism, pain) and ups (life as a porn pinup's hubby) of his last eight reclusive years.
BY DALTON ROSS



ON THE COVER Joaquin Phoenix photographed for EW by Anthony Mandler in L.A. on June 3, 2004.

Which line from *Gilda* makes Rita Hayworth's tortured siren play on and on for EW readers? (see page 30)

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In 48 HRS., which Eddie Murphy line makes his unlikely "cop," Reggie Hammond, most arresting? (see page 30)



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"If Moore wants to shove his agenda down my throat, well, I'm going to vote all right—for Bush, just to piss him off."

GINA LUGO
Baltimore

Moore or Less

EVERY WEEK, I LOOK FORWARD to my issue of EW. My heart sank when I pulled your July 9 issue with Michael Moore on the cover out of the mailbox. Why would you elevate this obese charlatan to icon status by honoring him with a cover? And why give him such an unfettered forum to promote his stupid film? There were so many other pieces and personalities you could have highlighted. As a longtime reader, I'm disappointed you have chosen to jump on his creaky bandwagon.

STEVE DANIEL

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NOW THAT *THE LORD OF THE RINGS: The Return of the King* was the first fantasy film to win a best picture Oscar, I predict *Fahrenheit 9/11* will be the second one from this genre to win an Academy Award. With its stolen title, half-truths, misleading statements, and cheap-shot editing, this film is sure to get votes from Academy voters who love a good fantasy.

ROGER W. PECK

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I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR putting Michael Moore on the cover. You referred to him as

"the most dangerous man in movies," and if that's because he's speaking his mind and questioning the President, which he has the right to do, then many people are "dangerous." If Moore seems to have some sort of vendetta against the Bush administration, it is justified by the means they have employed to get us into a war and to send our young people off to die and kill for ambiguous reasons. It is wrong to accuse Moore of being a traitor and of defaming the character of the U.S. troops. He is merely questioning the administration's motives to create something that has been missing from this nation for the past four years: open discussion between the government and the public.

MARGARET L. ECKERT

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GIVEN THE SUCCESS OF BOTH *The Passion of the Christ* and *Fahrenheit 9/11*, it is time for studio execs to wake up and listen to moviegoers rather than their own misguided view of what we want (*Soul Plane*—I think not). Both of these movies were brilliantly produced, thought-provoking, and displayed the true passion of the filmmaker. Both were shunned by major studio execs as too controversial. Both opened successfully and

have been embraced by the public. They are films that inspire and challenge us. We need more of them.

NANCY ORSOLINI

Rocklin, Calif.

LOVE HIM OR HATE HIM, MICHAEL Moore has something important to say. His directing is interesting, tongue-in-cheek (at times), and thought-provoking. He has the guts to portray what he believes and stands behind it 100 percent. If only every director had that type of integrity.

LYNETTE CARRINGTON

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IF YOU REALLY NEED TO PUT a frumpy, disheveled filmmaker on your cover, please choose Peter Jackson—at least he is talented and worthy of discussion. I've been forced to see and hear Michael Moore on several occasions, and I'd rather be forced to watch reality TV 24/7 than see his face one more time. I consider myself not just a Democrat but an open-minded American, and if Moore wants to shove his agenda down my throat, well, I'm going to vote all right—for Bush, just to piss him off.

GINA LUGO

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THANKS FOR PUTTING MICHAEL Moore's face on the cover...we were out of toilet paper and it did the trick!

VICKIE BORG

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CORRECTION: When the Broadway musical *The Producers* goes to the big screen, it will not be the first movie based on a musical that was based on a movie. *Little Shop of Horrors* is just one other example (*News & Notes*).

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'BIG BROTHER' WATCH

Need to catch up on what's happening in the *Big Brother 5* house? Get the latest recaps—and talk about the crazy twists host Jullie Chen (above) keeps introducing this season—at ew.com/bigbrother.

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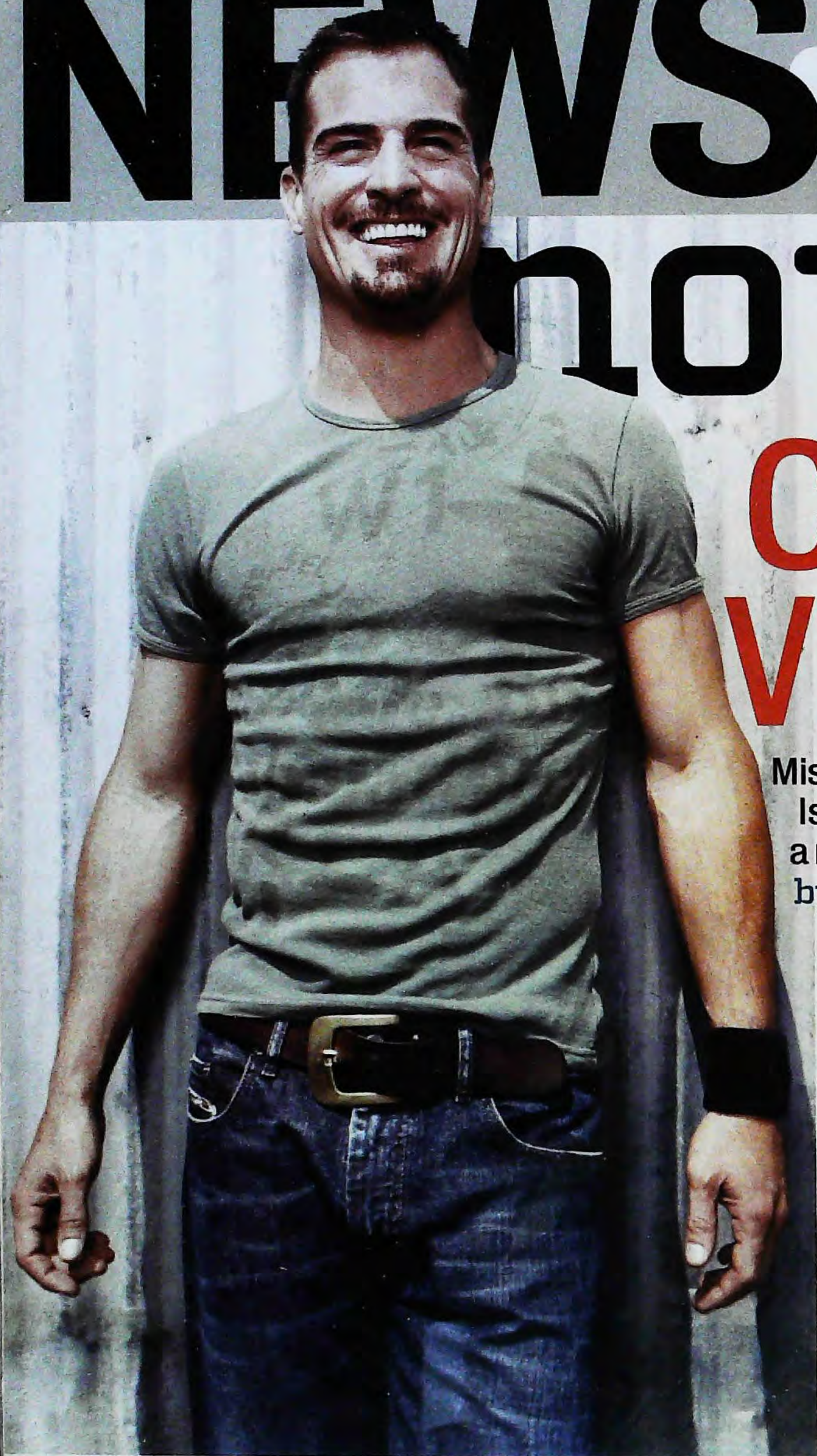
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NEWS

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Crime Victim

07/30/04



Missing: CSI's George Eads.
Is he the first casualty in a new war on TV salaries?
by Allison Hope Weiner

THE MESSAGE VIACOM COPRESIDENT Les Moonves delivered the week of July 12 was loud and clear: The networks are mad as hell and they're not going to take it anymore!

Which is why *CSI*, TV's top-rated series, is facing the disappearance of two of its top forensic investigators, Jorja Fox and George Eads. Moonves found the actors guilty of the ultimate TV crime: asking for too big a raise too soon. "There's this assumption that a contract is not valid," Moonves tells EW. "That's what bothers me. It's become a normal practice for actors to break their contracts in the middle of them. It's absurd."

Eads and Fox—who are in the fifth year of seven-year contracts—were reportedly asking for salary bumps that would have brought them more than their \$100,000 per episode. But negotiations apparently weren't going well. When Fox didn't notify CBS that she'd

be returning and Eads didn't show up for work, the network told them not to bother—it just fired them. (According to sources, Fox is negotiating a return.)

Fox and Eads are hardly the first TV actors to pressure networks into forking over more cash when their shows become hits. Sometimes they claim illness (Jane Kaczmarek's migraines disappeared after her *Malcolm in the Middle* contract was renegotiated); other times they don't bother with doctors' notes (*Friends*, *Seinfeld*)—they just stay home until their salary demands are met. "The *Friends* negotiations was one of the greatest mistakes in the last 30 years of television," says *Law & Order* exec producer Dick Wolf. "You don't give in to blackmail. You need a zero-tolerance policy." Wolf should know—he wrote the book on the revolving cast door.

According to *Third Watch* exec producer Ed Bernero (who says he's currently dealing with a *CSI*-type problem on his show), "It's the managers and agents who negotiated the first deal who tell their clients they deserve more. Everybody tells these different actors they're the lead." Though, as one lawyer points out, renegotiations often occur because actors are shortchanged when they're hired. "Studios require series actors to sign six-year contracts at very low salaries, saying they're new and unproven," says Peter



"The *Friends* negotiations was one of TV's greatest mistakes," says Dick Wolf

Nelson, who helped the *West Wing* actors nail their group raise last year. "When the show becomes a hit, the studio wants to retain all the profit. What's fair about that?"

The man who approved those *West Wing* raises, NBC TV president Jeff Zucker, is now Moonves' biggest cheerleader. "Les' re-

marks publicly state what we've privately been doing," he tells EW. "We're not going to renegotiate contracts with guns to our heads. I applaud him for saying it out loud."

Zucker, it should be noted, is also the man who added another \$1.5 million to the weekly budget of *Friends* in 2002. And let's be clear: Eads and Fox are the perfect people to make noisy examples of. They aren't the stars of *CSI*, and Moonves has shown he'll go to extreme lengths to keep a series' major players. "There's a difference between having an Eads hold out and having Ray Romano [do so]," says a senior network exec. "He's someone you can't do the show without." In addition to hiking Romano's salary to \$1.8 million per week last year, Moonves just gave a nice bump to *Without a Trace* star Anthony LaPaglia; and *CSI*'s Marg Helgenberger is now renegotiating, without likely repercussions.

But who knows? Maybe Moonves has started a revolution. David E. Kelley certainly proved with *The Practice* that you can fire half a cast (including the star) and actually revitalize a show. Given the desperate state of network TV, the industry may be coming around to Dick Wolf's way of thinking. "It's very simple," says Wolf. "People not showing up for work is the definition of chaos. This is an important line in the sand." ■

(Additional reporting by Lynette Rice)

TIMELINE: MONEY TALKS

The *CSI* kerfuffle's hardly the first time money-hungry stars have held up production. (*Three's Company*'s Suzanne Somers and *NYPD Blue*'s

David Caruso demonstrated what not to do.) Here's a smattering of memorable walkouts. —Karyn L. Barr

1960 *Maverick*
With two guns blazing, James Garner bets it all and craps out. Enter an unstirring Roger Moore.



1974 *All in the Family*
TV's fave curmudgeon is MIA from the season premiere. Why? Because Carroll O'Connor is sitting on his duff awaiting more ducats. He scores.



1980 *Dallas*
Who shot J.R.? Who cares?! The real question is, who's that guy playing Larry Hagman's bandaged body double while L.H. holds out for, and gets, more?

1981 *CHiPs*
When Erik Estrada surrenders his badge, Olympian Bruce Jenner steps in. But the Ponch returns to his oh-so-snug uniform. Viewers cheer.



1983 *Fantasy Island*
Screaming "Da plane!" is totally okay. But once Herve Villechaize screams for "Da money!" he gets his butt shipped home.



2003 *The Sopranos*
James Gandolfini threatens to walk unless he gets more bad-bling. HBO eventually runs for cover and gives in.



HitList

by Dalton Ross

1 NEW BEATLES TRACKS FOUND Some lucky schmo paid \$36 for a suitcase at a flea market and may have ended up with unreleased Beatles songs. Which is all the more disturbing when you consider that that's \$10 cheaper than the going rate for a "Weird Al" boxed set. (No disrespect to "My Bologna" intended.)

2 I, ROBOT Me, not interested.

3 ANGELA LANSBURY SCORES EMMY NOD! And if she comes up short again, that will make 17 straight losses! Hmmm, probably should have refrained from the exclamation point on that last sentence. But I can't help it!!!

4



MARTHA STEWART IS SENTENCED TO JAIL TIME Only for five months, though. I mean, hell—I've watched *I Love the 80s* marathons that were longer than that.

5 SLIM-FAST DROPS WHOOP! GOLDBERG AS SPOKESPERSON But honestly, didn't her "I'm a big loser" campaign really say it all?

6 UPN TO DEBUT REALITY SHOW THE PLAYER Let's see: If I watch, I get an all-access pass to "the bling-bling world of mansions, cool cars, and VIP parties." If I don't, I sit in my New Jersey home changing diapers and staring out at the Ford Focus in the driveway. Stupid Ford Focus. Why did I ever let Seacrest and Dunkleman talk me into buying that freakin' car?

7 AMERICAN IDOL RAISES AGE LIMIT TO 28 Just give me a minute while I figure out a way to blame this on Dunkleman.

8 SHOWGIRLS V.I.P. EDITION DVD My copy has pasties, shot glasses, a blindfold, and—in the biggest surprise of all—Kyle MacLachlan's dignity! Who knew?

9 MIKE DITKA DOES NOT RUN FOR SENATE I would say he wasn't up for it, but isn't that what the damn Levitra is for?

10 A CINDERELLA STORY Me, interested. (I'm not a proud man.)



The Edge and Bono

Slipped Disc

U2 recordings are MIA...again

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM? Last week, a demo CD for U2's next record (due this fall) was reported missing after a photo shoot in Nice, France. While the CD isn't the only copy, the possibility of Internet leaks has U2's U.K. label, Universal Music, worried. Could be bad news for Bono and the boys. But they should know better: This is U2's *third* trip to the land of lost and found.

1990 While U2 was recording *Achtung Baby* in Berlin, a slew of rehearsal tapes were stolen from

the studio. Within months, bootleggers were selling copies of the in-progress album, offering fans a rare glimpse into the band's songwriting process.

1999 A laptop containing all the lyrics of what would become *All That You Can't Leave Behind* was snatched from Bono's car. Ripe for cheesy headlines—"Bono Still Can't Find What He's Looking For!"—the crisis was averted when a Good Samaritan who'd purchased the hot computer returned it to the singer. —Ryan Dombal

BURNING QUESTION

Q Rival net execs are up in arms over Fox's quickie reality shows *The Next Great Champ* and *Trading Spouses: Meet Your New Mommy*—which bear a striking likeness to long-announced projects from NBC (*The Contender*) and ABC (*Wife Swap*). So why aren't they slapping Fox with lawsuits?

A Reality concepts are barely protected by copyright law. Last year, a federal judge denied CBS' claim that ABC's *I'm a Celebrity...Get Me Out of Here!* copied *Survivor*. "It's unscripted TV, which means the traditional analysis of substantial similarity of plot and character and dialogue doesn't apply," says entertainment lawyer Michael O'Connor. The "fleshing out of the idea" makes shows distinct. Great news for anyone developing *I'm a Contender...Get Me a New Spouse*. —Jennifer Armstrong



THE CONTENDER

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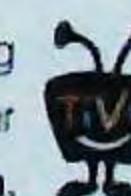
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The metal maniacs; (insets) Torben Ulrich, Skylar and Lars Ulrich

Living Lars

The bizarre nexus of Matt Damon and Metallica's drummer

WE WENT TO THE DOCUMENTARY *METALLICA: Some Kind of Monster*. We loved it. However, the real stars of the film aren't even in the band. They are: Torben, the father of drummer Lars Ulrich, an affectionate gnome of a man who'd look right at home in *The Lord of the Rings*—or on your front lawn—and Skylar, wife of Lars, a showgirl-style beauty. We became obsessed, since virtually nothing about either is revealed in the movie (apologies to Metallica fans who've memorized this). Turns out Skylar was the inspiration for the Minnie Driver

character in *Good Will Hunting* (the pre-med student named...Skylar) and was Matt Damon's girlfriend until she took up with Lars. Skylar, whose specialty is emergency medicine, practices in San Francisco and is mom to Myles, 5, and Layne, 2.

Huh. Lars is suddenly looking a lot more interesting than the doofy, gum-chewing antagonist we see in the doc. (Or maybe not; the couple just announced they separated in March.)

As for Torben, he's a Danish Buddhist who moved his son to America in 1977. Lars' father

has—often simultaneously—been a painter, filmmaker, music journalist, New Orleans-style jazz musician (the clarinetist backed Louis Armstrong several times), and jazz-club owner (Dexter Gordon is Lars' godfather!). Torben also played on the international tennis circuit for five decades. In fact, he competed in Denmark's junior championships for tennis, soccer, table tennis, speed skating, and handball.

Huh. We're suddenly feeling very...lazy. —Mary Kaye Schilling

NECESSARY OBJECTS?

EW's Summer-Movie Product Watch

Once they were state-of-the-art basketball sneakers; now they're state-of-the-art retro kicks. This week, Chuck Taylors!



Converse sneakers Will Smith's futurephobic detective wears the black high-tops as he saves the world from evil robots in *I, Robot*.



Converse sneakers Hilary Duff's fashion-phobic teen wears the black high-tops as she saves herself from evil stepsisters in *A Cinderella Story*.

MISTER ROBOTO



If you thought Will Smith's mechanical foes in *I, Robot* seemed particularly jiggly with it, there's a good reason: Australian actor-dancer Paul Mercurio, a.k.a. *Strictly Ballroom*'s rebellious hooper Scott Hastings (below), was *I, Robot*'s "movement consultant." Not only did Mercurio—who's been acting in small films and on Aus-



tralian TV since his 1993 breakout in Baz Luhrmann's flick—devise a library of movements for the film's CGI creations (which he demonstrated in a motion-capture suit), he also spent five months training actors and stuntmen to make like robots. "It was quite weird to fly halfway across the world to teach people how to walk," admits the former Sydney Dance Company member. Step one? "Listen to the rhythm." —Michelle Kung

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ CHOOSE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

TASTE

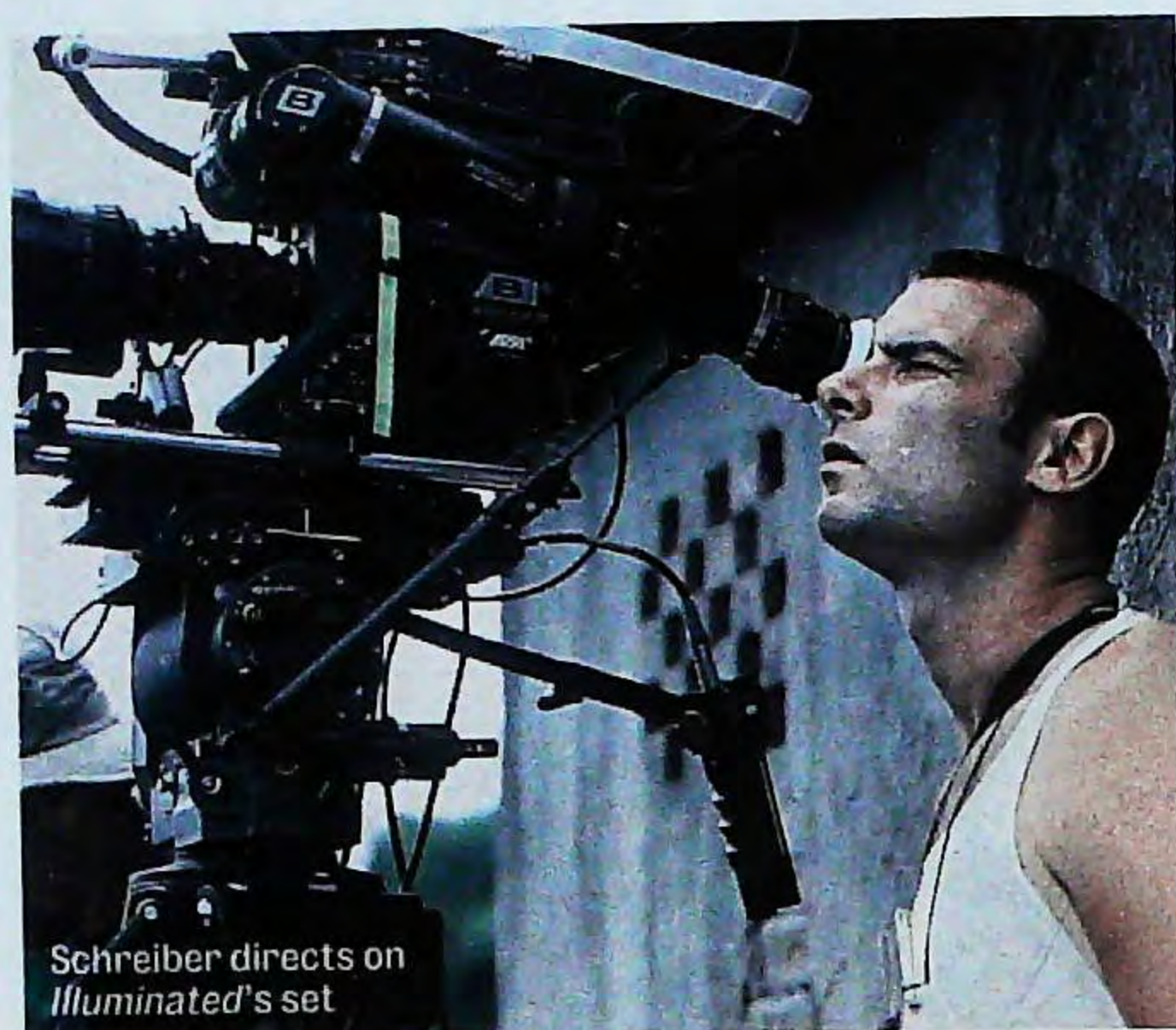


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Schreiber directs on *Illuminated*'s set

Getting a Shot

Liev Schreiber improves relations with Iraq

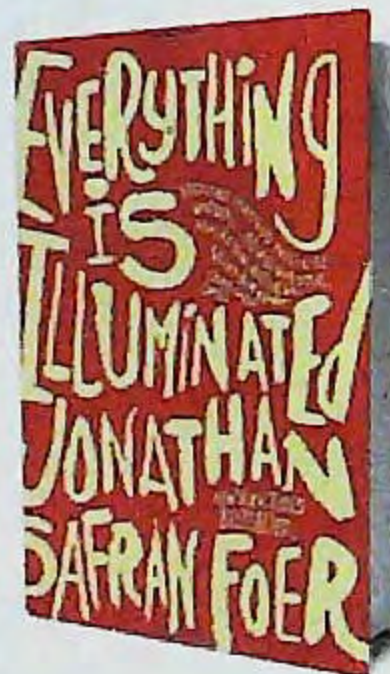
ONE SMALL STEP FOR U.S.—Iraqi relations, one giant step for a young filmmaker. On the Prague set of *Everything Is Illuminated*, 25-year-old Iraqi Muthana Mudher is getting a crash course in American-style moviemaking. As an intern on the project, Mudher, an aspiring filmmaker from Baghdad, has painted sets, assisted the director of photography, shot video for the film's press kit, and even worked as an extra. All this because actor Liev Schreiber saw him telling MTV's *True Life* how nearly impossible it is to learn his profession in a country ravaged by war.

Schreiber, who makes his directorial debut with the adaptation of Jonathan Safran Foer's 2002 novel, contacted Mudher through MTV and, along with the movie's producers, is personally financing the cross-cultural moviemaking adventure. "We felt really guilty about what our

country had done to his country," says producer Peter Saraf. "And then, of course, he gets here, and it never occurred to me that he would say something like 'But I love George Bush—he changed my life!'"

Illuminated, which stars Elijah Wood and is slated for a 2005 release, follows a young Jewish American's road trip across Ukraine in search of the woman who saved his grandfather from the Nazis. "In a sense, it was perfect to have someone from his world working in our world," says Schreiber of the culture transplant. "In a lot of ways, it mirrored the story."

Mudher will likely return to Iraq when shooting wraps Aug. 7, and he hopes to continue making films. "I consider this thing as kind of miracle," says Mudher, who learned English watching American movies. "I'm attending the best days of my life." —Kristin Hohenadel



The Deal Report BY GREGORY KIRSCHLING

MOVIES You gotta love *Drumline*'s Nick Cannon. The go-getter wanted to make a movie with Lindsay Lohan, so he came up with the idea and, lo and behold, Lohan signed on. "Mean Girls was off the hook," he says. "And I was like, It would be cool if she and I could do a romantic comedy. But I didn't want to just do the typical black-white thing 'cause that's played, and I believe in our day and age we could look past that. So that's when I was like, She could play a real *Sex and the City* type of young lady and I could play an eccentric blind man!" Who meet, appropriately, on a blind date—the movie, which Adam Sandler will help produce, is even tentatively titled *Blind Date*. "Scent of a Woman is one of my favorite movies too," Cannon adds, "so I'm like, If I could pull the blind thing off comedically, like Al Pacino pulled it off dramatically, I might be able to win." Not to mention: *Hoo-wah!*



CANNON

"Exactly."... *Eucalyptus* is a beautiful word. *Yoo-ca-lip-tus*. It's also the title of a new movie that beautiful mind Russell Crowe is in talks to star. Based on Murray Ball's 1999 novel of the same name, it's about a man who, walking through a forest of eucalyptus trees, woos a young maiden with his Scheherazade-like storytelling.



GRAHAM

TELEVISION Fifteen years after forever winning the Deal Report's heart as Nadine in *Drugstore Cowboy*, Heather Graham is gonna play a shrink next season on *Scrubs*. "It's an age-old comedy technique," says *Scrubs* creator Bill Lawrence. "Anytime you put a shrink into a workplace family, it's pretty easy to pick apart everybody's dysfunctions." And Graham's character, Dr. Molly Clark, has an especially screwed-up personal life. Here is one of her lines

from the opening show—imagine Heather's voice reciting it as you read: "Show me a well-adjusted, successful man who wants to settle down and have kids and I'm not interested, but find me an alcoholic in his mid-30s that still thinks his band might make it, and just tell me where I can show up and buy him dinner."



CROWE

The Vehemently Opposed To Speed Bumps Girl



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I Want My... Fuse?

A scrappy music channel gives MTV its first serious competition. by Raymond Fiore

WHERE'S THE 'M' IN empty-vee?" taunted the slogan on thousands of coffee cups handed out near MTV's NYC offices. What video junkie *hasn't* pondered that question—especially after a week-end of *Real World: San Diego* reruns? But who had the cojones to proclaim it...to MTV's face? A feisty little cabler called Fuse.

One of the biggest global youth and music brands, the Viacom-

owned MTV empire has remained unchallenged (or has swallowed foes like BET and CMT whole) over two decades of pop-culture dominance. When Fuse was launched 14 months ago, few figured it had much of a chance. But the music-video channel has grown steadily, using a snarky, punky attitude to attract a cult of young rabid hard-rock and hip-hop fans with its simple ethos: All music, all the

time. (Sound familiar?) And kids aren't the only ones rejoicing: Labels and artists see Fuse as an alternative avenue of exposure to the tough-to-snag post-TRL generation of record buyers.

"Fuse is a little edgier, a little more open-minded," says Gayle Boulware, manager of the rock act Staind. "It's not the same as when MTV started MTV2. Fuse is even more left of center." Could this digital-cable baby network, which reaches nearly 40 million homes, rattle a brand that rocks more than 88 million U.S. homes, and more than 400 mil worldwide? Not yet. But Fuse is keeping MTV on its toes.

And vice versa. In the past year, the cable giant has exercised exclusivity on videos by the likes of Linkin Park, P.O.D., and Puddle of Mudd, preventing airplay on Fuse for up to six months. Fuse often got around this by snagging bands for in-studio performances. "I liken us to a 17-year-old—when you tell us not to do something, we figure out a way," says Fuse president Marc Juris. (MTV's exec VP Tom Calderone notes, "We pay the labels for the opportunity to take a handful of exclusive videos a year.... It's worked out quite well for both parties.")

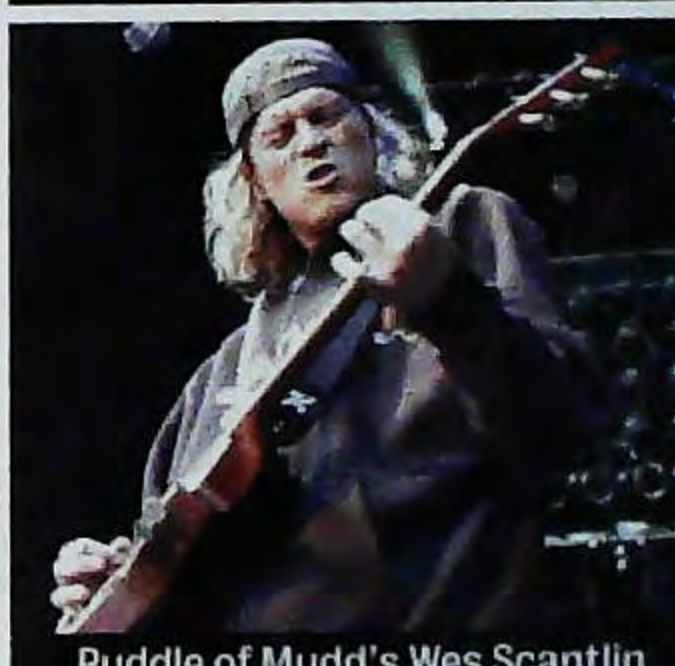
Warner Music Group honcho Lyor Cohen thinks Fuse's niche appeal is its strength: "They have proven that they know their audience and how to connect to them." A recent test launch of new Interscope band the Rasmus suggests that the net is having a genuine sales impact: No radio play or video airtime, save for a regular rotation on Fuse, yielded more than 50,000 units sold. "[That's impressive] for a band from Finland that hasn't gotten much action here," observes the Firm's

Peter Katsis, who manages heavyweight acts Korn and Bizkit. Adds Boulware, "Without Fuse, a lot of these new bands wouldn't have a video outlet." And big-money companies hawking youth-relevant products are significantly boosting Fuse's ad-sales revenues, according to Laura Caraccioli-Davis, of media-buying firm Starcom Entertainment. "It gained traction with advertisers by being kind of the anti-MTV," she says. "This is a hard target to reach. Until recently, we pretty much had one-stop shopping at the Viacom networks."

While an on-the-mend music biz enjoys an upswing (sales are up 7.2 percent over last year), the hope is that this budding rivalry



Linkin Park's Chester Bennington



Puddle of Mudd's Wes Scantlin

strengthens everyone's business. "All of these channels will spur everybody to not get lazy," says Katsis. Case in point: MTV recently launched mtvU, an exclusively college-aimed channel already hitting 750 U.S. campuses.

As for Fuse, its success may lie in its adversary's past. Says Juris: "The greatest compliment we can get is when people say, 'You feel like MTV [from] 20 years ago.'" ■



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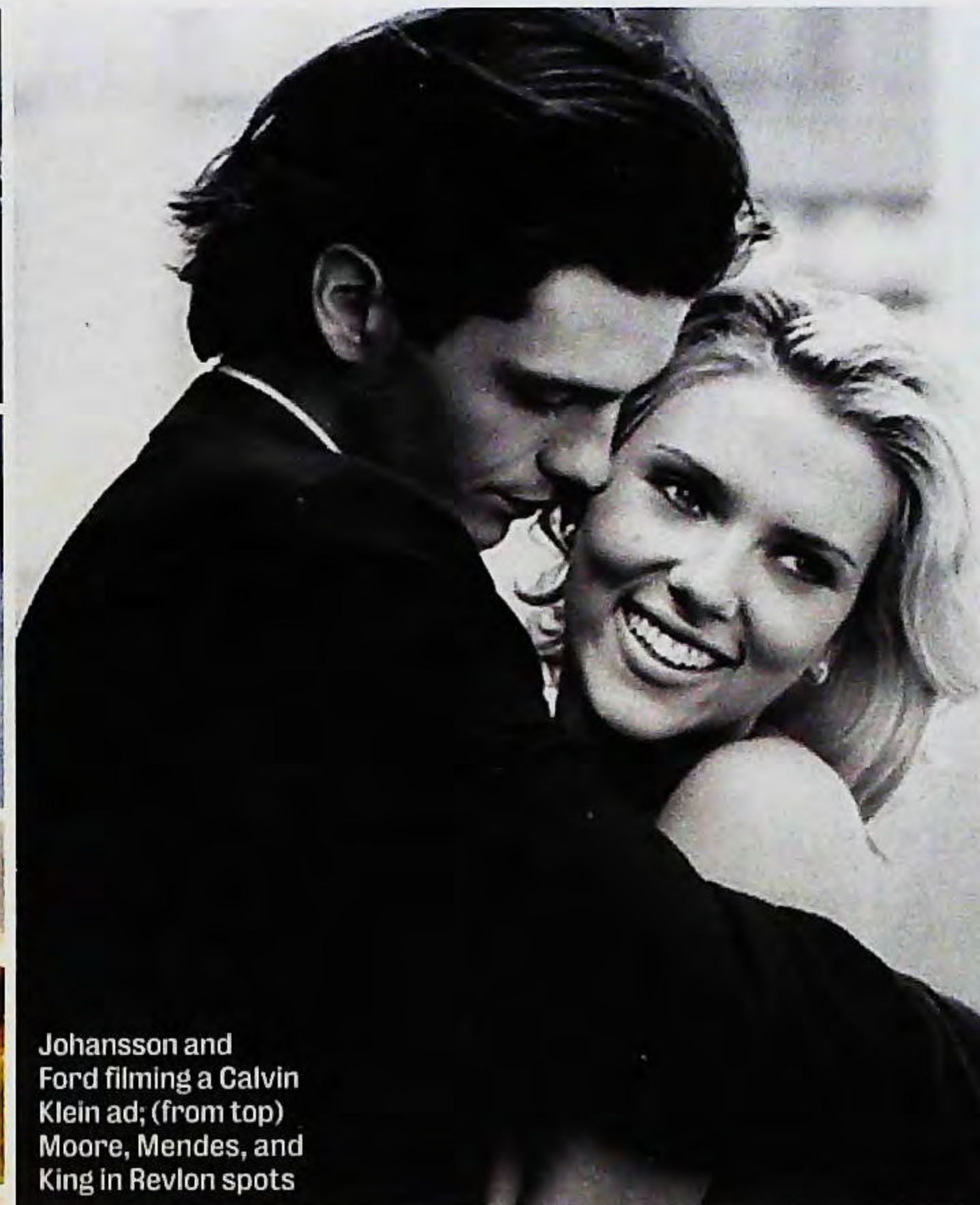
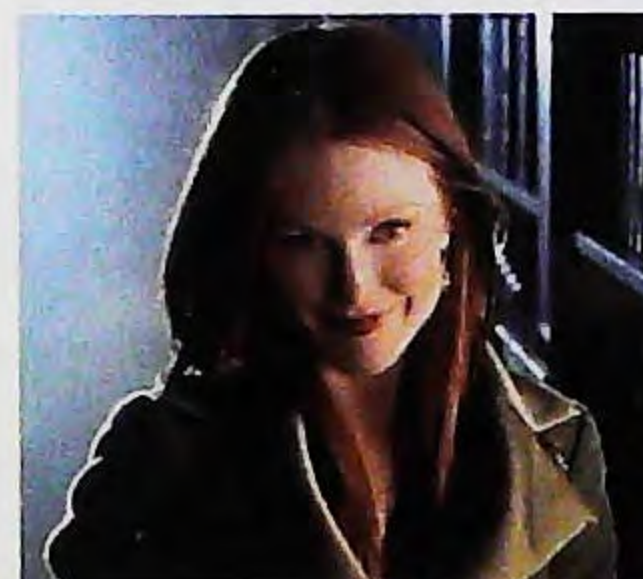
speakerphone



All screen images simulated

JOHANSSON AND FORD: PETER LINDBERGH; THE GREAT DOMESTIC SHOWDOWN: ADAM LARREY/ABC; THE AMAZING RACE 5: TONY ESPANZA/CBS

STYLE SHEET



Johansson and Ford filming a Calvin Klein ad; (from top) Moore, Mendes, and King in Revlon spots

Makeup Trailer

Award-winning A-listers are ready for their close-ups in cinematic cosmetics commercials. **by Michelle Kung**

SHE'S ALREADY SQUEEZED OUT SAD, SOLITARY tears for us on the big screen and pouted back at us from magazine covers. Now, Scarlett Johansson will join Halle Berry and Julianne Moore in the pantheon of emoting A-listers appearing in... makeup mini-movies?

Actually, "heightened reality dramas" is how these luxe spots from cosmetics giants Revlon (Berry, Moore) and Calvin Klein (Johansson) are being described. The ads, which range from two minutes to 15 seconds, mix showy, big-screen-style shots of their spokescelebs with just a hint of promotion (a dropped Revlon lipstick, say, in one noirish ad).

Helmed by Oscar nominee Scott Hicks (*Shine*), the Revlon vignettes also star Eva Mendes and Jaime King and can be seen not only on TV and in print, but

also attached to film trailers. As can the campaign for Calvin Klein's peony and pomegranate Eternity Moment fragrance, which features Johansson and *How to Deal* hottie Trent Ford as a couple who meet cute and fall in love.

"Young people today are pretty ad-savvy," says Johansson, whose Calvin Klein spot (directed by veteran fashion photographer Peter Lindbergh) will debut in September. "It's refreshing to reach them with something that tells a story." Stories that can be told in two minutes or less, that is.

The Shaw Report BY JESSICA SHAW

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
ACRYLIC	STAINLESS STEEL	GLASS
AEOLIAN ISLANDS	GALAPAGOS ISLANDS	VIRGIN ISLANDS
BRANZINO	SALMON	SWORDFISH



Reality Duds

Reality shows may be in vogue, but their stars are hardly in style (that means you, *Blind Daters*!). Some fashion faux pas are better left at home.

1 Matching shirts (see *The Amazing Race 5*, above) on adults are never cute.



2 For the love of Julie Chen, don't fashion nasty-ass headbands out

of T-shirt sleeves à la the *Big Brother* boys.

3 Punk things up, like *The Real World*'s Frankie. But please keep the Hello Kitty items to a minimum.

4 Shame on *The Great Domestic Showdown*'s Steve for letting his client wear that hoochie belly-baring wedding frock.

5 Okay, he's not a contestant, but don't make like reality pooh-bah Mark Burnett and go commando in your loafers. As for his cheesy shirts? Crockett and Tubbs bit it long ago.

—Karyn L. Barr



Monitor

ENGAGEMENTS



What's the sound of a thousand tween hearts breaking? Actor **Chad Michael Murray**, 22, announced on July 12 that he will wed his *One Tree Hill* costar **Sophia Bush**, 22, in 2005. It will be the first marriage for both.

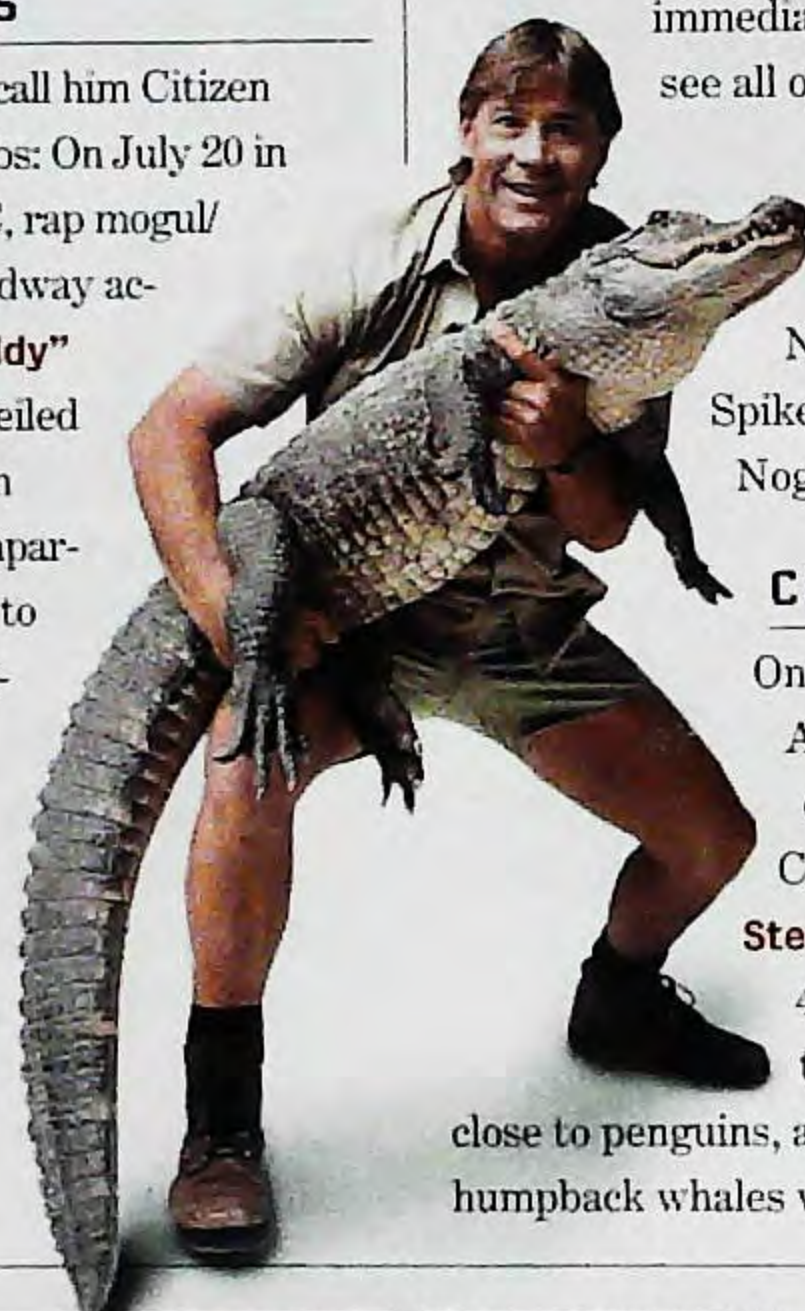
BIRTHS

Access Hollywood weekend anchor **Tony Potts**, 41, and his *AH* field-producer wife **Nancy Derderian**, 39, welcomed daughter **Bella Angel** on July 12 in L.A. She is the couple's first child. Potts has a daughter, Alex, from a previous marriage.

LAUNCHES



Just call him Citizen Combs: On July 20 in NYC, rap mogul/Broadway actor **Sean "P. Diddy" Combs**, 34, unveiled plans for Citizen Change, his nonpartisan campaign to mobilize America's youth and minority voters. The mission of the program, said Combs, is to "make voting cool."



close to penguins, a seal, and humpback whales while shooting

PROMOTIONS

MTV vet **Judy McGrath**, 51, was appointed the music network's chairman and CEO July 20 in NYC. She will assume the position immediately and oversee all of MTV's channels and its subsidiaries, including Nickelodeon, Spike TV, and Noggin.

COURTS

On July 15, the Australian government cleared **Steve Irwin** (left), 42, of charges that he got too close to penguins, a seal, and humpback whales while shooting

REUNION Wu...where? After an extended hiatus, all 10 members of hip-hop supahgroup the Wu-Tang Clan (including ex-jailbird Ol' Dirty Bastard) brought da ruckus—and a film crew—on stage at July 17's Rock the Bells concert in San Bernardino, Calif. "It's been a while, but y'all look good," RZA told the 8,500-plus crowd before launching into "Wu-Tang Clan Ain't Nuthin to F*** Wit" and other greatest hits. A live CD and DVD are scheduled for this fall.



PREMIERE Sharon Stone (with costars Benjamin Bratt and Halle Berry) enjoyed taking the claws out as *Catwoman's* villain. "You know that old saying," she purred on the red carpet July 19. "Good girls go to heaven, and bad girls go everywhere."

the documentary *Ice Breaker* last winter in Antarctica. Irwin could not be reached for comment.... On July 18, **Mel Gibson's** Icon Distribution Co. filed a breach-of-contract and fraud suit in Los Angeles Superior Court against Muvico Theaters. The company behind *The Passion of the Christ* alleges that the Fort Lauderdale-based theater chain failed to pay a promised 55 percent share of box office receipts. "We're not refusing to pay," says a Muvico rep. "We have not

yet reached an agreement on what we owe."... **Marvel Enterprises, Inc.** filed a breach-of-contract suit against the **Walt Disney Company** on July 15 in Los Angeles Superior Court, alleging that Disney's failure to exploit Marvel's valuable intellectual property, including the animated series *The Incredible Hulk*, *X-Men*, and *Spider-Man*, has deprived Marvel of substantial revenue and diminished its long-term value. Marvel seeks \$16 million in damages. Disney's reps say it's "just an accounting dispute."

ARRESTS



Rapper **Joe Budden**, 23, pleaded guilty to driving with a suspended license in Queens, N.Y., on July 14. He spent the night in jail and paid a \$300 fine. Budden's reps had no

comment.... Former *Baywatch* star (and Carolyn Bessette Kennedy paramour) **Michael Bergin**, 35, was picked up by West Hollywood police after allegedly hitting a woman while driving under the influence July 16. He was released the next day after posting \$50,000 in bail. No court date has been set. Bergin's rep had no comment.

DEATHS

Puppeteer **Peter Baird** (*The Muppets Take Manhattan*), 52, of esophageal cancer, July 16, in NYC.... 1940s magazine cover girl and actress **Dorothy Hart** (*The Naked City*, *Tarzan's Savage Fury*), 82, of complications from Alzheimer's disease, July 11, in Arden, N.C.... **Arthur "Killer" Kane** (above), 55, bassist for and



founding member of 1970s punk forerunners the New York Dolls, of complications from leukemia, July 13, in L.A.... TV producer **Thomas F. Madigan** (*The Hunter and the Hunted*, *The Adams Chronicles*),

85, of complications after heart surgery, July 8, in NYC.... Playwright **Ron Milner** (*What the Wine-Sellers Buy*, *Checkmates*), 66, of complications from liver cancer, July 9, in Detroit.... Crime and spy novelist **Walter Wager**, 79, whose thriller *58*

Minutes became the Bruce Willis film *Die Hard 2*, of complications from brain cancer, July 11, in NYC. —Michelle Kung and Whitney Pastorek, with additional reporting by Adam B. Vary, Nancy Miller, and Karen Wilson

MAKING WHOOPI

Goldberg and Ronstadt get the boot

Ronstadt circa 1970s; Goldberg (inset)



Speaking of heat waves: Linda Ronstadt was escorted from the Aladdin Resort & Casino in Las Vegas July 17 after her dedication of "Desperado" to "great American patriot" Michael Moore caused a brouhaha. In a statement, the Aladdin said it hired Ronstadt to entertain, "not to espouse...political views." Ronstadt is the second

celeb in days to feel backlash from political remarks made on stage. Diet-drink company Slim-Fast shed spokesperson Whoopi Goldberg July 14 after her anti-Bush jokes at a Kerry fund-raiser. (The company was "disappointed by the manner in which Ms. Goldberg chose to express herself.") As for Ronstadt: "She didn't sleep out in the desert," her agent laughs. "She's an articulate, well-informed woman. I'm sure she'll say the same thing again." Never one to miss an opportunity, Moore offered to sing "America the Beautiful" with Ronstadt and show *Fahrenheit 9/11* to hotel guests for free. —WP

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INTO THE WOODS

BY JOSH ROTTENBERG

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY MANDLER

24 JULY 30, 2004

CAN DIRECTOR M. NIGHT SHYAMALAN SCORE AGAIN

WITH A MYSTERIOUS THRILLER SET IN THE 19TH

CENTURY? IT TAKES THE VILLAGE TO ANSWER.



TO THE CASUAL OBSERVER, THE TOURISTS AND business types packed into a non-air-conditioned Manhattan bistro on a sweltering summer afternoon wouldn't look like an inspiring cast of characters for a blockbuster thriller. But M. Night Shyamalan, the 34-year-old writer-director of *The Sixth Sense*, *Unbreakable*, and *Signs*, is not a casual observer. He scans the crowd intently, with the wry expression of a con man hunting for a mark. "Okay," he says, "so there's this lady over there who's having this conversation, right?" He points to a middle-aged woman at a nearby table who's innocently eating her lunch with her family, unaware she's about to take a trip into the M. Night Zone. "Now," he says, "imagine that every time that woman looks up, there's a little boy across the room who keeps staring at her. There's some connection between these two that's *not normal*, right?" Eyes narrowing, he picks up his fork like he's about to conduct an orchestra with it. "I'm immediately starting to think of provocative ways to present that story," he says. "I may hold off telling you

who that boy is until the last 10 minutes of the movie. In fact, I might make you think something else entirely and be very meticulous to make you *think* that you've figured it out." So who is the boy? Shyamalan hasn't worked all that out yet, but he grins like a kid who's just showed off a magic trick. "It's fun! It's really fun!"

Hollywood is full of sideshow barkers, enticing audiences with hints of thrills behind the curtain, but Shyamalan has no equal when it comes to the art of the tease. In three consecutive smash hits (well, two and a half, given *Unbreakable's* relatively disappointing \$95 million gross, compared with \$294 million for *The Sixth Sense* and \$228 million for *Signs*), he's taken the kinds of subjects once considered the stuff of midnight movies and *X-Files* episodes—a kid who sees ghosts, a reluctant superhero, a family farm attacked by aliens—and spun them into elegant narrative puzzles with hairpin plot turns and head-snapping endings. At this point, Shyamalan says, the mere mention of



"EVERY ONE OF THESE MOVIES RAISES THE BAR HIGHER AND MAKES IT HARDER TO DELIVER ANY SLEIGHT OF HAND," SAYS RUDIN

on your viewpoint, either tantalizing or irritating, Masonic or Scooby-Doo-ish. What can be revealed without spoiling anything is...um, it was shot on celluloid. Want more? Okay, it's the story of a group of people living in an isolated 19th-century village who are terrorized by mysterious creatures stalking the woods around them. More? It stars Joaquin Phoenix, William Hurt, Adrien Brody, Sigourney Weaver, and in a showcase role, newcomer Bryce Dallas Howard, daughter of director Ron Howard. There's a love triangle (involving Phoenix, Brody, and Howard), loads of creepy imagery (slashes of blood on doors, skinned animals), and some cool Druid-style robes that look like they were modeled off a Led Zeppelin album (see cover). And yes, Virginia, there is a big fat twist—maybe even more than one.

In interviews, the cast has been urged to stick to safe talking

his name is enough to start a metabolic reaction in an audience: "If you say, like, *The Trap Door*: An M. Night Shyamalan Film, there's already something happening, and I haven't told you anything yet."

Or so he hopes. Shyamalan's next film, *The Village*, opens July 30, and aside from his name above the title and some cryptic posters and spooky trailers, audiences have been told precious little about it. The air of secrecy around the film has been, depending

points. Ask Phoenix if he considers *The Village* a horror film and he dodges and weaves: "I don't know—what's a horror film?" Howard offers this much: "The movie's really, really terrifying, but it also means something. It's actually very poignant when you put it up to what's going on today in the world, what fear means."

Though its budget of around \$60 million is relatively modest for a summer tentpole movie, *The Village* still involves huge risks. Shyamalan's I-see-blockbusters reputation is on the line, and Walt Disney Studios could really use another *Signs*-size hit to stanch the bleeding it's suffered from a lousy box office year, from *The Alamo* to *King Arthur*. But a period piece with somber post-9/11 overtones could be a tricky sell in the summer, and unlike Shyamalan's last three films, this one can't bank on the megawatt drawing power of a Bruce Willis or Mel Gibson. Shyamalan thrives on the pressure, says Disney motion picture group chairman Dick Cook: "He likes to be on the free-throw line with the game on the line. It makes him even better."

Advance buzz on *The Village* swings wildly between amped-up anticipation and knives-drawn skepticism. Speculation about the twist ending flies fast and thick in movie-nerd chat rooms, where Shyamalan is as polarizing as Michael Moore in a den full of politicians, with some revering him as a genius storyteller and others dismissing him as a P.T. Barnumesque egomaniac. In May, rumors emerged that the cast and crew of *The Village* had reconvened to shoot a new ending—rumors that were met by official denials. Clouding things even further was the phony controversy whipped up over a documentary called *The Buried Secret of M. Night Shyamalan*, which

The cast, including (1) Weaver, Hurt, and (2) Phoenix, attended boot camp set up by Shyamalan (3, with Howard) to learn 19th-century skills like candle making, sheep shearing, and butter churning

ran July 18 on the Sci Fi Channel. The program was billed in advance as an exposé of Shyamalan, uncovering secrets from his personal life so shocking he reportedly pulled out of the project. Two days before it aired, the Sci Fi Channel admitted the entire thing was an elaborate hoax, with Shyamalan in on it from start to finish.

It doesn't take a conspiracy nut to wonder how much of the marketing of *The Village* has been a carefully orchestrated game of misdirection and disinformation. Shyamalan talks about "the sell" with as much enthusiasm as he does the film itself: "I walk down the street and people are like, '*The Village*, man! Can't wait to see it!' And we haven't told them jack s--- about it! How great is that?"

WHEN HE DRIVES PAST A MULTIPLEX, SHYAMALAN SEES A LOT of sloppy seconds on the marquee. "Every movie that you've probably seen this summer was offered to me at some point," he says. This may be a slight exaggeration—imagine *Dodgeball*: An M. Night Shyamalan Film—but there's no doubt that when your last three films have rung up a combined \$1.3 billion worldwide, every studio exec and producer in town would love to be your prom date.

In 2002, around the time Shyamalan was wrapping up *Signs*, Twentieth Century Fox approached him with an offer to write and direct an adaptation of *Wuthering Heights*. The project itself didn't interest him; such a 10th-grade-English-class homework assignment was too familiar. But the sweeping emotion of Emily Brontë's world appealed to Shyamalan's sentimental side, and he realized it might be fun to combine that 19th-century romance with a monster-in-the-woods thriller. "Fusing those two things together," he says, "it sounds weird, but hopefully it doesn't feel weird."

Shyamalan spent eight months working on the script—the longest it's ever taken him—and didn't crack the story until he made one momentous decision: Instead of focusing on the brooding Lucius Hunt (Phoenix), he would make Ivy Walker (Howard), the blind daughter of the village's leader, the film's central heroine. "That felt very risky and more unique," he says.

Phoenix, who played Gibson's Louisville Slugger-swinging brother in *Signs*, was the first actor cast. The character of Lucius, whose quiet surface hides deep emotions, suited his personality. "Every script I'd been looking at, someone's in slow motion, dashing, and then they have, like, this monologue, and it just sucks, you know?" says the actor, who'll do plenty of dashing in this fall's firefighting drama *Ladder 49* before playing Johnny Cash in the biopic *Walk the Line*. "I wanted to play someone who was more of an observer."

Early on, Shyamalan sought out Kirsten Dunst to play the role of Ivy. But the director wanted his cast to commit to an intense period of preproduction—weeks of "boot camp" rehearsing the film and learning 19th-century skills like candle making, sheep shearing, and butter churning. Between *Spider-Man 2* and *Wimbledon*, Dunst decided her schedule couldn't handle it and dropped out. "Kirsten knew this is a giant role that requires everything you've got," says Shyamalan. "She just felt there wasn't enough time."

Producer Scott Rudin urged Shyamalan to consider the 23-year-old Howard, whom he'd seen starring in a New York stage production of *As You Like It*, for a supporting role in the film. In May of last year, Shyamalan went to the play one night with his wife, Bhavna, and on the spot decided Howard would be his Ivy. "It was like the first time I saw [*Sixth Sense* star] Haley Joel Osment," he says. "I was looking around going 'She's amazing!'"

Disney may have ideally preferred a name actress, but Shyamalan's clout was such that he could cast a total unknown without so much as a screen test. "I never had to do anything—no audition, no anything," says Howard, whose only prior screen appearances had been as an extra in her dad's movies. "It's crazy. Not only do I not have the experience, but I have, like, zero credibility with audiences!" The day Shyamalan offered her the role, Howard had actually made an appointment at a temp agency; now, following *The Village*, she's already shot Lars von Trier's *Dogville* sequel, *Manderlay*, taking over the role played by Nicole Kidman in the first film.

The rest of the ensemble fell quickly into place, with Hurt in the role of the village's leader, Edward Walker, and Sigourney Weaver as Lucius' mother. Early reports had Ashton Kutcher attached to the role of the mentally disturbed Noah Percy, Lucius' rival for Ivy's affection. But Shyamalan denies that, saying vaguely, "I was talking to him about something in the movie but not that part." Brody, still looking to break through to full-fledged stardom after his Oscar win for *The Pianist*, took the part even though, he says, it was not exactly the "leading man with a love interest" role he was looking for.

As with all his films, Shyamalan—born Manoj Nelliya Shyamalan in India and raised in suburban Philadelphia, where he still lives with his wife and two daughters—decided to shoot in his home state. In the town of Chadds Ford, he had an entire 19th-century village painstakingly constructed, down to the type of glass in the windows. Aside from the odd bit of bad weather, the biggest challenge was trying to keep the story under wraps. The screenplay was treated like a classified CIA report. "My agents weren't even allowed to read the script," says Brody. "To this day, they haven't read it."

Hurt, for one, wasn't a fan of all the cloak-and-dagger stuff. "I think it's ludicrous," he says. "What's the point? All the stories have been told anyway. It's *how* you tell them." But for the most part, the cast and crew were happy to comply. "I thought all that was fabulous," says Weaver, laughing. "I felt like I was part of a secret society."

"IT WAS LIKE THE FIRST TIME I SAW
HALEY JOEL OSMENT," SHYAMALAN
SAYS OF HOWARD. "I WAS LOOKING
AROUND GOING 'SHE'S AMAZING!'"



"It wasn't like guys take you into a back room and say, 'Here are the rules, boy,'" says Phoenix. "It was just like, 'Don't give away the story.' I wish all films were like that. I can't stand when directors and actors talk about what a movie is about or their characters. I want to discover that for myself. To me, that's the whole point."

OF COURSE, KEEPING A BIG SECRET FROM A CURIOUS PUBLIC is not so easy in the 21st century as it was in the 19th. The first postings about a supposedly leaked script for *The Village* actually surfaced on the Internet last summer, before production even began, when the film was still titled *The Woods*. (The title was later changed because another thriller called *The Woods* was in production at United Artists.) For the most part, these early assessments were fairly negative, calling the ending unsatisfying and the dialogue stilted, and even making fun of Shyamalan's allegedly poor spelling.

When asked about these postings and the frenzy of speculation over them on the Internet, the normally gregarious Shyamalan turns subdued and looks wounded. "My hope is that you don't even write about any of that, because right now it's just a geekfest," he says. After a long pause, he says, "I would find it hard to believe that they could have gotten the script."

Later, when pressed about unmistakable similarities between the finished film and the postings about the script, Shyamalan admits it's possible that an early draft got out. "My slip, information-wise, was because we went after some actors earlier; there were more people talking," he says. "I don't want to point fingers at anybody's camp, but if any details came out it was during that stage." Still, he emphatically insists that it's "physically impossi-

ble" that the last 15 pages of the final script were ever leaked and even coyly suggests he may have planted fake material on the Internet to throw people off the trail.

This spring, reports that the cast and crew had returned for a week of reshoots ignited speculation that Shyamalan had been disturbed by the Internet leaks and decided to film a new ending. Shyamalan denies this, saying that it was simply a matter of waiting out the winter so they could get some shots that required springtime weather. Yet Hurt contradicts him, claiming the film's ending was, in fact, reshot. "Night said that he looked at the end and just said, 'We've gotta reshoot it,'" the actor says. "I loved the other ending, personally." Rudin backs up Shyamalan's story, while Cook vaguely says there were moments added to the ending "for clarity."

If Shyamalan is fudging things to keep audiences in the dark until the film's release, it certainly wouldn't be surprising, especially in light of the three-hour Sci Fi Channel "documentary." After weeks of cooked-up controversy, the film proved to be a cornball, *Blair Witch*-style hoax, complete with Ouija boards, purporting to reveal that Shyamalan had the ability to communicate with the dead. Shyamalan didn't just participate in this stunt—in the interests of building up his own brand and hyping *The Village*, he clearly helped engineer it. (The only thing truly controversial about the project was that Sci Fi's parent company, NBC Universal, evidently found its deceptions so tacky that two days before it aired they admitted the program had gone too far.)

Some have advised Shyamalan that he should change things up

"I never had to do anything—no audition, no anything," says Howard (1, 3) of scoring her first starring role, opposite (2) Oscar winner Brody



soon before he becomes a victim of his own success. "The thing he's wrestling with is that the audience is waiting for [the twist]," says Rudin. "You can ask, could he make *The Sixth Sense* now? The minute the kid says 'I see dead people,' would you immediately go to 'Bruce Willis is dead'? Every one of these movies raises the bar higher and makes it

harder to deliver any kind of sleight of hand."

Shyamalan's next movie will be another original project with a supernatural bent, the details of which—in a shocking twist—he declines to share. After that, he'll strike out in a new direction with an adaptation of Yann Martel's best-selling novel *Life of Pi*, the protagonist of which is an Indian teenager from Shyamalan's birthplace of Pondicherry. Still, he'll always be drawn to the stories with an element of the "not normal" that keeps audiences guessing. "That combination of things just feels good to me," he says. "That's my accent. Maybe it's not the most wise thing to do, but it's better to stumble being yourself." He shrugs. "Only time will tell, right?"

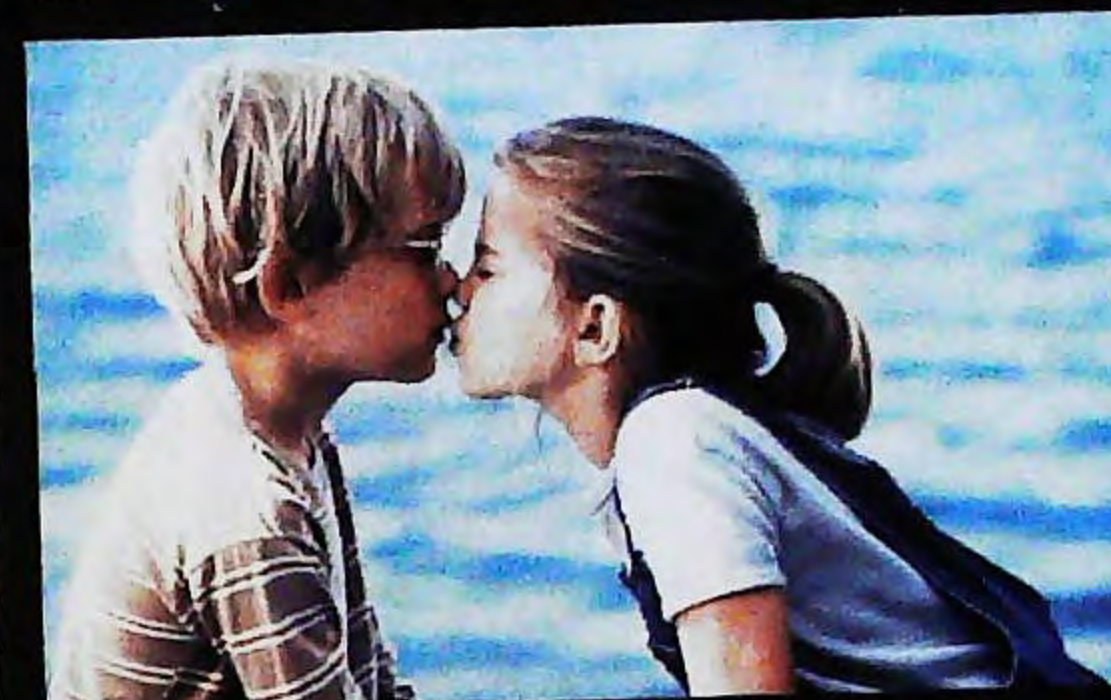
Shyamalan is due back at the sound studio to lay some music and sound effects over a climactic scene, so he steps back out into the heat and bustle of 56th Street. He heads west toward Eighth Avenue, looking down at the sidewalk, talking about all the work yet to be done before *The Village*'s release.

"I don't know how it will be received," he says quietly. "I don't know whether it will be a disappointment or a phenomenon. There's just so much at risk, you know?"

For a guy who's all about controlling the story, stringing an audience along and wowing them in the finale, nothing could be more maddening than knowing this particular ending is not his to write. ■



King threw down the gauntlet: Send us your favorite movie lines. And thousands of you did. Here are your picks for the greatest cinema quotes ever.



NOW HEARTS

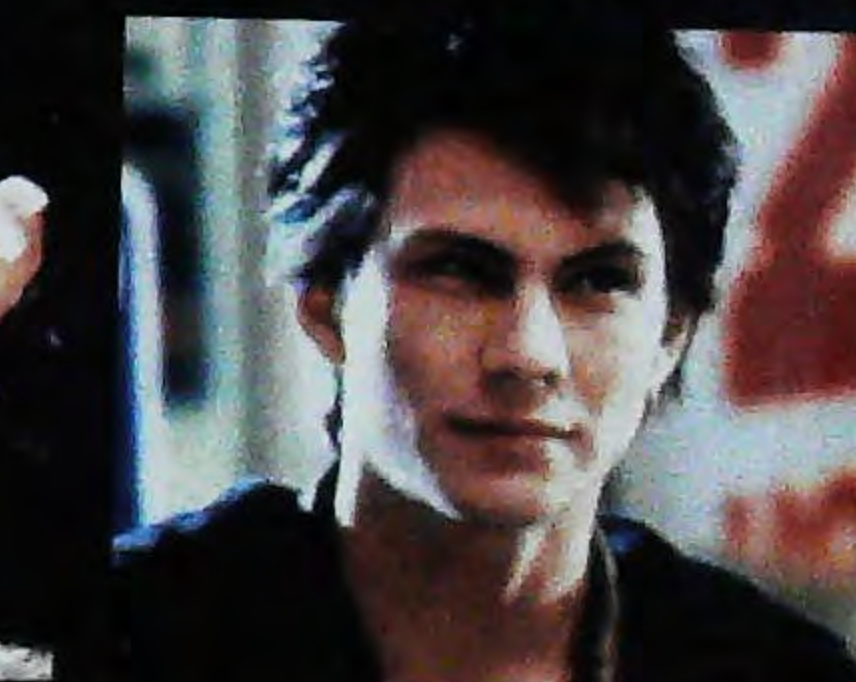
BY
STEPHEN
KING



POPULAR CULTURE'S A SLIPPERY slope; just ask some of the people, like Vanilla Ice and Andrew Dice Clay, who have slid down its side and right out of view. It's also possible to start a landslide, as Mel Gibson did with his movie about Jesus last winter and Michael Moore did with his about George W. Bush this summer. I didn't exactly start a landslide with my June 11 column about popular



lines from the movies—the ones that become part of our inner language—but I started enough rocks falling to surprise the editors of this magazine and to startle the hell out of me. When I asked people to send in some of their favorite lines, I thought I might get a few dozen responses, maybe a couple hundred if the column really struck a harmonic note. This one seems to have struck not





You must remember hearing this: (clockwise from top left) *The Princess Bride*, *Misery*, *A League of Their Own*, *Gilda*, *When Harry Met Sally...*

"I'll have what she's having." —FEMALE DINER (Estelle Reiner) in *When Harry Met Sally...*
 "You had me at hello." —DOROTHY BOYD (Renée Zellweger) in *Jerry Maguire*

Several other women's lines worth repeating came up frequently in your letters and e-mails. Two of your favorites are from movies at least half a century old:
 "Fasten your seat belts—it's going to be a bumpy night." —MARGO CHANNING (Bette Davis) in *All About Eve*
 "You know how to whistle, don't you, Steve? You just put your lips together...and blow." —MARIE BROWNING (Lauren Bacall) in *To Have and Have Not*

These next two were mentioned less frequently, but they're just beauts:
 "If I'd been a ranch, they would've named me the Bar Nothin'." —GILDA (Rita Hayworth) in *Gilda*
 "Veda's convinced me that alligators have the right idea: They eat their young." —IDA CORWIN (Eve Arden) in *Mildred Pierce*

And from the fairer sex in the more modern age, readers did come up with at least a pair of worthy specimens:
 "You're not too smart, are you? I like that in a man." —MATTY WALKER (Kathleen Turner) in *Body Heat*
 "Get outta here! And don't come back for five to seven days!" —VADA SULTENFUSS (Anna Chlumsky) in *My Girl*

And, ahem, here are a couple of women's lines that yours truly wrote (in book form). I've included them because (a) they actually

just a note but a whole chord. At last count, ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY had received over 3,000 responses to the column, each containing as many as 10 movie lines that readers remember fondly. Even with my StuffIt feature working at top speed, it took my computer nearly 15 minutes to download them all, and I've spent weeks reading through them. Rarely has time felt so well spent; rarely have I been surprised by so many good memories. I asked the editors at EW to expand the column a little bit this time so I could share some of my favorites of your picks.

Several readers beat me severely about the head and shoulders for not mentioning the screenwriters who actually crafted these lines. "As a writer (and sometime screenwriter) yourself," wrote one, "you ought to be ashamed to attribute these lines to mere actors." In fact, I'm not ashamed at all. I do these columns with almost nothing in the way of reference material—as the weary and often horrified fact-checkers at EW can attest—and checking out the screenwriters of often obscure movies that are frequently written by committee (and usually remembered for only one or two good lines) would be a chore and a half. Also, I would argue, the greatest line in the world is only so much dead ink unless and until a great actor gives it life.

Having said that, let me tell you that the all-time champion line, by your letters, was

written by the great William Goldman, whose body of work was mentioned in the responses to my column again and again:
 "Hello. My name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare to die." —INIGO MONTOYA (Mandy Patinkin) in *The Princess Bride*
 I think more than a hundred people sent this one in. In fact, you readers seem to have something of a jones for *The Princess Bride*. The editors tallied up your top 25 choices, and three other *Princess* lines made the list:
 "Inconceivable!" "You keep using that word. I do not think it means what you think it means." —INIGO MONTOYA (Mandy Patinkin)
 "Have fun storming the castle!" —MIRACLE MAX (Billy Crystal)
 "As you wish." —WESTLEY (Cary Elwes)
The Princess Bride is (arguably) a chick flick, but all the lines you loved were spoken by men. This seemed to confirm something I wrote in my column, which is that most of the best movie lines are given to men. Readers repeatedly challenged me on this score—"No, no!" they protested, "not true!"—and offered up some terrific evidence. Indeed, two of the closest runners-up were from women:

50X50

Line, please: EW picks 50 more great movie quotes of the last half century—empty threats, wicked jests...and insults from a gassy French soldier



10 "Hitler was better-looking than Churchill, he was a better dresser than Churchill, he had more hair, he told funnier jokes, and he could dance the pants off of Churchill!" FRANZ LIEBKIND (Kenneth Mars) in *The Producers*

"Oh, uh, there won't be any money, but when you die, on your deathbed, you will receive total consciousness." So I got that goin' for me, which is nice." CARL SPACKLER (Bill Murray) in *Caddyshack*

11 "No, I'm all man. I even fought in WWII. Of course, I was wearing women's undergarments under my uniform." ED WOOD (Johnny Depp) in *Ed Wood*

12 "Your mother's in here with us, Karras. Would you like to leave a message? I'll see that she gets it." REGAN MACNEIL/SATAN (Linda Blair) in *The Exorcist*

01 "I coulda had class. I coulda been a contender. I coulda been somebody, instead of a bum, which is what I am, let's face it." TERRY MALLOY (Marlon Brando) in *On the Waterfront*

02 "We all go a little mad sometimes." NORMAN BATES (Anthony Perkins) in *Psycho*

03 "Mrs. Robinson, you're trying to seduce me." BEN BRADDOCK (Dustin Hoffman) in *The Graduate*

04 "Hey, don't knock masturbation. It's sex with someone I love." ALVY SINGER (Woody Allen) in *Annie Hall*

05 "She's my daughter! She's my sister! She's my daughter! My sister, my daughter. She's my sister and my daughter!" EVELYN CROSS MULWRAY (Faye Dunaway) in *Chinatown*

06 "Open the pod bay doors, HAL." DAVE BOWMAN (Keir Dullea) in *2001: A Space Odyssey*

07 "Take your stinking paws off me, you damn dirty ape!" TAYLOR (Charlton Heston) in *Planet of the Apes*

08 "Because when you're a call girl, you control it, that's why. Because someone wants you...and for an hour...I'm the best actress in the world." BREE DANIEL (Jane Fonda) in *Kluge*

09 "And I say, 'Hey, Lama, hey, how about a little something, you know, for the effort, you know.' And he says,

16 "Excuse me while I whip this out." BART (Cleavon Little) in *Blazing Saddles*

17 "No, Mr. Bond. I expect you to die!" AURIC GOLDFINGER (Gert Frobe) in *Goldfinger*

18 "I'm your worst f---ing nightmare, man. I'm a nigger with a badge." REGGIE HAMMOND (Eddie Murphy) in *48 HRS.*

19 "Kid, the next time I say, 'Let's go someplace like Bolivia,' let's go someplace like Bolivia." BUTCH CASSIDY (Paul Newman) in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*

20 "Wendy? Darling? Light of my life?...I'm not gonna hurt ya. I'm just gonna bash your brains in. I'm gonna bash 'em right the f--- in!" JACK TORRANCE (Jack Nicholson) in *The Shining*

21 "I just hate you and I hate your ass face." CORKY ST. CLAIR (Christopher Guest) in *Waiting for Guffman*

22 "You shoot off a guy's head with his pants down, believe me, Texas is not the place you wanna get caught." LOUISE (Susan Sarandon) in *Thelma & Louise*

23 "And I guess that was your accomplice in the wood chipper." MARGE GUNDERSON (Frances McDormand) in *Fargo*

24 "The greatest trick the devil ever pulled was convincing the world he didn't exist." VERBAL KINT (Kevin Spacey) in *The Usual Suspects*

13 "You hear me talkin', hill-billy boy? I ain't through with you by a damn sight. I'ma get medieval on your ass." MARCELLUS WALLACE (Ving Rhames) in *Pulp Fiction*

14 "I fart in your general direction. Your mother was a hamster and your father smelt of elderberries." FRENCH SOLDIER (John Cleese) in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*

15 "He won't come after me. He won't. I can't explain it. He would consider that...rude." CLARICE STARLING (Jodie Foster) in *The Silence of the Lambs*

5 & UNDER

Quotes that prove brevity is indeed the soul of wit

"Bring out the gimps." PULP FICTION

"Oh, stewardess?! I speak jive." AIRPLANE!

"Snap out of it!" MOONSTRUCK

"Plastics." THE GRADUATE

"It's only wafer-thin..." MONTY PYTHON'S THE MEANING OF LIFE

"No wire hangers!" MOMMIE DEAREST

"One meeeellion dollars." AUSTIN POWERS: INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY



"Bite my ass, Krispy Kreme!" ERIN BROCKOVICH

"Nobody's perfect." SOME LIKE IT HOT

"Back, and to the left..." JFK

"There can be only one." HIGHLANDER

"What knockers!" YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN

"I'm walkin' here!" MIDNIGHT COWBOY

"The dingo's got my baby!" A CRY IN THE DARK

"Aloha, Mr. Hand." FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH

"Using the whole fist, Doc?" FLETCH



Taxi Driver

made it into the movies and (b) they were quoted by a dozen or so readers in each case. The first made it into a screenplay by the aforementioned William Goldman (may his tribe increase). All I can say is, dat guy must know a good line when he reads one.

"He didn't get out of the cockadoodle car!"

—ANNIE WILKES (Kathy Bates) in *Misery*

"Sometimes being a bitch is all a woman has to hold on to." —DOLORES CLAIBORNE (Kathy Bates) in *Dolores Claiborne*

For every memorable line spoken by a woman, I got at least a dozen about women. I can't quote them all but here are a few of the best, starting with my absolute favorite:

"I gave her my heart and she gave me a pen." —LLOYD DOBLER (John Cusack) in *Say Anything...*

"Nobody puts Baby in a corner." —JOHNNY CASTLE (Patrick Swayze) in *Dirty Dancing*

"Love your suit." —HANNIBAL LECTER (Anthony Hopkins) in *The Silence of the Lambs*

Honorable mention in the "about women" category goes to a famous Tom Hanks quote. My wife reminded me of it first, then half a dozen readers chimed in:

"There's no crying in baseball!" —JIMMY DUGAN (Tom Hanks) in *A League of Their Own*

Speaking of baseball, everyone remembers "If you build it, they will come," but there's another one from the same film, answering the question "Is this heaven?":

"No, it's Iowa." —RAY KINSELLA (Kevin Costner) in *Field of Dreams*

And, speaking of Midwestern states: "This is Ohio. I mean, if you don't have a brewski in your hand, you might as well be wearing a dress." —JASON DEAN (Christian Slater) in *Heathers*

I wasn't the only person who remembers the dialogue from James Dickey's *Deliverance* with affection. Besides the Ned Beatty line I quoted, these two, both delivered by fellows of considerable breeding (inbreeding, that is), came up again and again:

"I bet you can squeal like a pig."

"Git them panties down."

Also on the subject of underwear:

"Son, you got a panty on your head."

—GUY IN A TRUCK (John O'Donnal) to Nicolas Cage in *Raising Arizona*

Underwear aside, here are five other lines of apparently enduring popularity:

"What we've got here...is failure to communicate." —CAPTAIN (Strother Martin) in *Cool Hand Luke*

"I love the smell of napalm in the morning." —KILGORE (Robert Duvall) in *Apocalypse Now*

"Show me the money!" —ROD TIDWELL (Cuba Gooding Jr.) in *Jerry Maguire*

"Funny like I'm a clown? I amuse you?" —TOMMY DEVITO (Joe Pesci) in *GoodFellas*

"You talkin' to me? Well, I'm the only one here." —TRAVIS BICKLE (Robert De Niro) in *Taxi Driver*

And, just to round things off, here are some others that I particularly liked. And I'm sure I bypassed any number of diamonds, simply because I missed the films that provide the necessary context. But, hey, speaking of Diamonds:

"There are two types of people in this world: those who like Neil Diamond, and those who don't." —BOB WILEY (Bill Murray) in *What About Bob?*

"It's not the years, honey. It's the mileage." —INDIANA JONES (Harrison Ford) in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*

25 "I do not, for one, think that the problem was that the band was down. I think that the problem may have been that there was a Stonehenge monument on the stage that was in danger of being crushed by a dwarf." DAVID ST. HUBBINS (Michael McKean) in *This Is Spinal Tap*

26 "That's what I love about these high school girls, man: I get older, they stay the same age." WOODERSON (Matthew McConaughey) in *Dazed and Confused*

27 "I have nipples, Greg. Could you milk me?" JACK BYRNES (Robert De Niro) in *Meet the Parents*

28 "Fat, drunk, and stupid is no way to go through life, son." DEAN WORMER (John Vernon) in *National Lampoon's Animal House*

29 "Who told you to step on my sneakers, who told you to walk on my side of the block, who told you to be in my neighborhood?" BUGGIN OUT (Giancarlo Esposito) in *Do the Right Thing*

30 "There's a lotta things about me you don't know anything about, Dottie. Things you wouldn't understand. Things you couldn't understand." PEE-WEE HERMAN (Paul Reubens) in *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*

31 "Joey, do you like movies about gladiators?" CAPTAIN OVEUR (Peter Graves) in *Airplane!*

32 "My name is Maximus Decimus Meridius, commander of the armies of the North, general of the Felix Legions, loyal servant to the true emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Father to a murdered son, husband to a murdered wife. And I will have my vengeance, in this life or the next." MAXIMUS (Russell Crowe) in *Gladiator*



33 "Bring the dog, I love animals. I'm a great cook." ALEX FORREST (Glenn Close) in *Fatal Attraction*

34 "And one day, not long from now, my looks will go. They will discover I can't act, and I will become some sad middle-aged woman who looks a bit like someone who was famous for a while." ANNA SCOTT (Julia Roberts) in *Notting Hill*

35 "Aristotle was not Belgian. The central message of Buddhism is not 'every man for himself.' And the London Underground is not a political movement. Those are all mistakes, Otto. I looked them up." WANDA (Jamie Lee Curtis) in *A Fish Called Wanda*

36 "Empire had the better ending. I mean, Luke gets his hand cut off, finds out Vader's his father, Han gets frozen and taken away by Boba Fett. It ends on such a down note. I mean, that's what life is, a series of down endings. All *Jedi* had was a bunch of Muppets." DANTE (Brian O'Halloran) in *Clerks*

37 "My daughter is in pain... Give my daughter the shot!" AURORA GREENWAY (Shirley MacLaine) in *Terms of Endearment*

38 "Relax, all right? Don't try to strike everybody out. Strikeouts are boring; besides that, they're fascist. Throw some ground balls. It's more democratic." CRASH DAVIS (Kevin Costner) in *Bull Durham*

39 "I have one simple request. And that is to have sharks with frickin' laser beams attached to their heads!" DR. EVIL (Mike Myers) in *Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery*

40 "I'm not bad; I'm just drawn that way." JESSICA RABBIT (Kathleen Turner) in *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*

41 "You want me to strap her to the hood?... She'll

be fine. It's not as if it's going to rain or something." CLARK GRISWOLD (Chevy Chase) in *National Lampoon's Vacation*

42 "When I first saw you, I thought you were handsome. Then, of course, you spoke." CAROL CONNELLY (Helen Hunt) in *As Good as It Gets*

43 "When it comes down to making out, whenever possible, put on side 1 of *Led Zeppelin IV*." MIKE DAMONE (Robert Romanus) in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*

44 "I wanted to meet interesting and stimulating people of an ancient culture, and kill them." PRIVATE JOKER (Matthew Modine) in *Full Metal Jacket*

45 "Look at that! Look how she moves! That's just like Jell-O on springs." JERRY (Jack Lemmon) in *Some Like It Hot*

46 "This is the West, sir. When the legend becomes fact, print the legend." MAXWELL SCOTT (Carleton Young) in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*

47 "Someone has to die in order that the rest of us should value life more." VIRGINIA WOOLF (Nicole Kidman) in *The Hours*

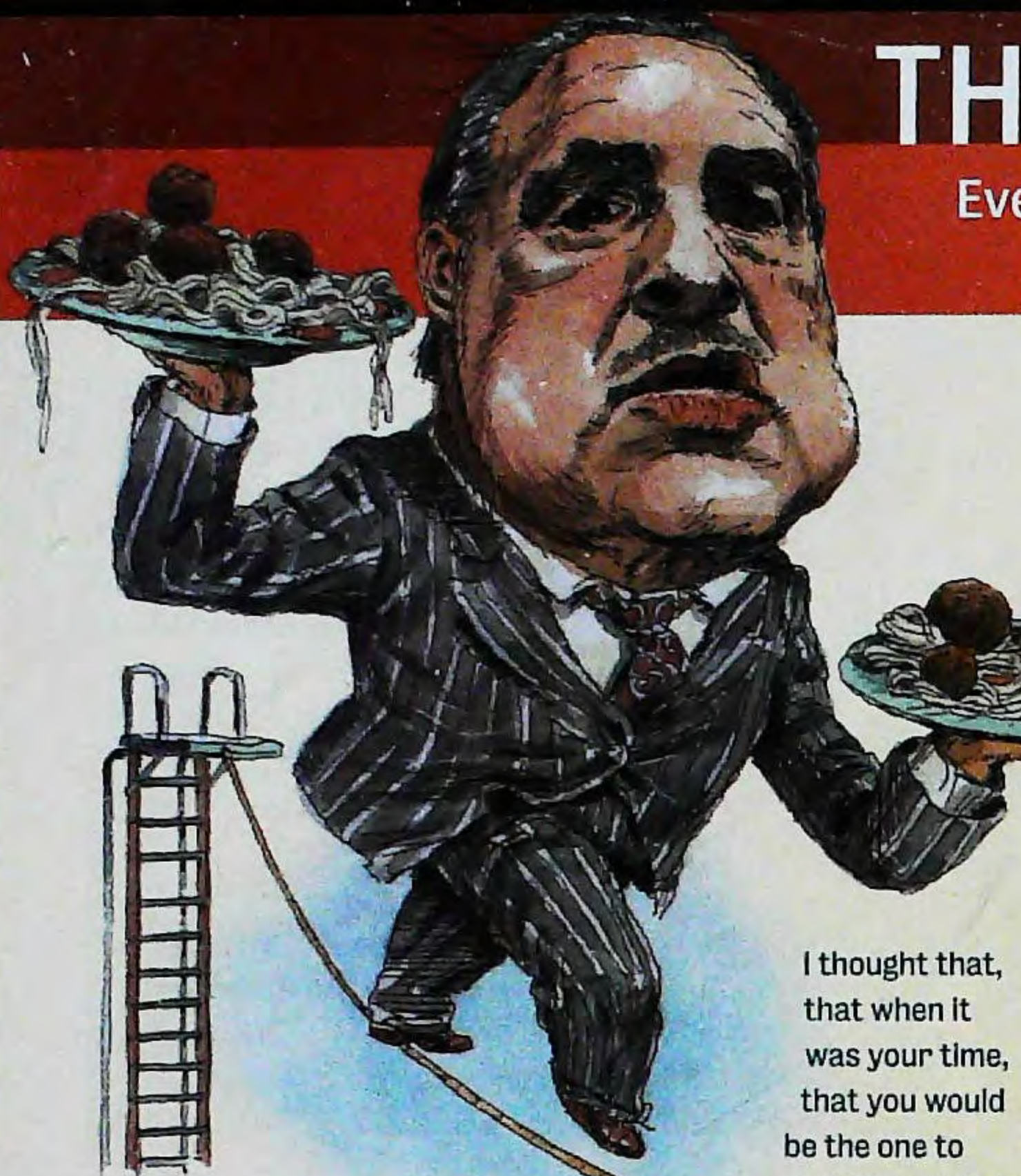
48 "Nobody's looking for a puppeteer in today's wintry economic climate." CRAIG SCHWARTZ (John Cusack) in *Being John Malkovich*

49 "Jerry, d'you know the human head weighs eight pounds?" RAY (Jonathan Lipnicki) in *Jerry Maguire*

50 "I can't believe I gave my panties to a geek." SAMANTHA (Molly Ringwald) in *Sixteen Candles*

THE TAO OF THE DON

Everything you ever needed to know
you can learn from the *Godfather* saga



"If anything in this life is certain, if history has taught us anything, it is that you can kill anyone." MICHAEL CORLEONE (Al Pacino) in *The Godfather Part II*

"I never wanted this for you. I work my whole life—I don't apologize—to take care of my family, and I refused to be a fool, dancing on the string held by all those big shots. I don't apologize—that's my life—but

Corleone, Governor Corleone, something. Well, it wasn't enough time, Michael." VITO CORLEONE (Marlon Brando) in *The Godfather*

"My father taught me many things here, taught me in this room. He taught me, Keep your friends close, but your enemies closer." MICHAEL in *The Godfather Part II*

I thought that, that when it was your time, that you would be the one to hold the strings. Senator

"Fredo, you're my older brother and I love you, but don't ever take sides with anyone against the family again. Ever." MICHAEL in *The Godfather*

"I want somebody good and I mean very good, to plant that gun. I don't want my brother coming out of that toilet with just his d--- in his hands." SONNY CORLEONE (James Caan) in *The Godfather*

"Don't ask me about my business, Kay." MICHAEL in *The Godfather*

"I spend my life trying not to be careless. Women and children can be careless. But not men." VITO in *The Godfather*

"Leave the gun. Take the cannolis." CLEMENZA (Richard Castellano) in *The Godfather*

"Luca Brasi sleeps with the fishes." CLEMENZA in *The Godfather*

"I don't feel I have to wipe everybody out, Tom. Just my enemies." MICHAEL in *The Godfather Part II*

"Just when I thought that I was out, they pull me back in." MICHAEL in *The Godfather Part III*

"Fredo, you're nothing to me now. You're not a brother, you're not a friend. I don't want to know you or what you do. I don't want to see you at the hotels, I don't want you near my house. When you see our mother, I want to know a day in advance, so I won't be there." MICHAEL in *The Godfather Part II*

"I'll make him an offer he can't refuse." MICHAEL in *The Godfather*

"If you'd come to me in friendship, then this scum that ruined your daughter would be suffering this very day. And if by chance an honest man like yourself should make enemies, then they would become my enemies. And then they would fear you." VITO in *The Godfather*

"Game over, man! Game over!" —HUDSON (Bill Paxton) in *Aliens*

"It's not a tumah!" —JOHN KIMBLE (Arnold Schwarzenegger) in *Kindergarten Cop*

"Do you enjoy...knives?" —HAROLD (Bud Cort) in *Harold and Maude*

"You can't handle the truth!" —COLONEL JESSUP (Jack Nicholson) in *A Few Good Men*

"And in the morning, I'm making waffles!" —DONKEY (Eddie Murphy) in *Shrek*

"Is it safe?" —DR. SZELL (Laurence Olivier) in *Marathon Man*

"Why does it cry, Sméagol?" —GOLLUM (Andy Serkis) in *The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers*

"I have come here to chew bubble gum and kick ass, and I'm all out of bubble gum."

—NADA ("Rowdy" Roddy Piper) in *They Live*

"Oh, for goodness' sakes, get down off



that crucifix. Someone needs the wood." —ADAM/FELICIA (Guy Pearce) in *The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert*

"These go to 11." —NIGEL TUFNEL (Christopher Guest) in *This Is Spinal Tap*

Okay, enough. These things are fun, but I don't want to drown you in them. Let me

leave you with four of my personal favorites, lines which to me sort of symbolize the power movies have over our minds, our emotions...and our memories.

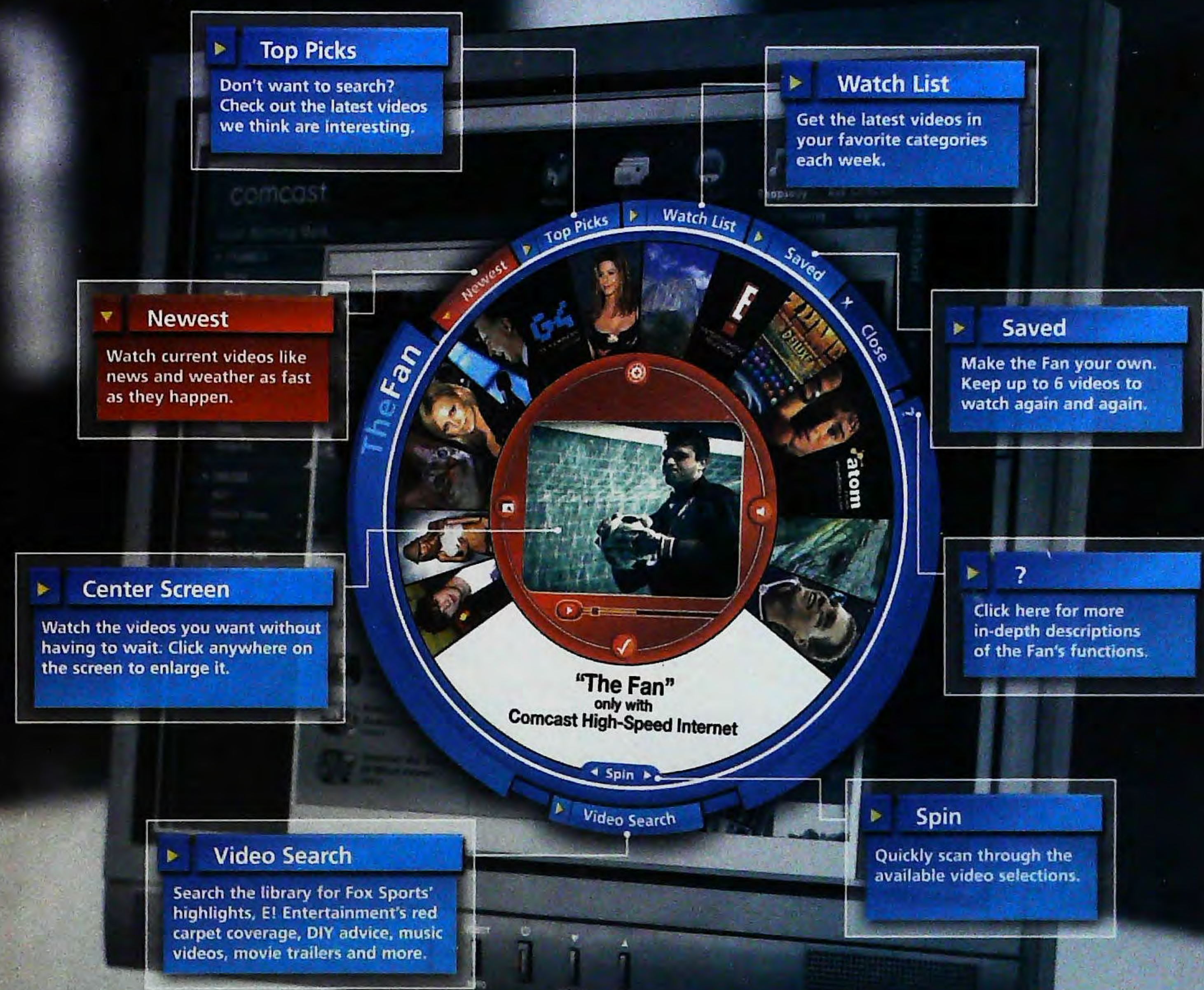
"They call me Mister Tibbs!" —VIRGIL TIBBS (Sidney Poitier) in *In the Heat of the Night*

"Gentlemen, you can't fight in here. This is the War Room!" —PRESIDENT MUFFLEY (Peter Sellers) in *Dr. Strangelove*

"Look how they massacred my boy." —VITO CORLEONE (Marlon Brando) in *The Godfather*

"Stand up. Your father's passing." —REVEREND SYKES (William Walker) in *To Kill a Mockingbird*

Do we remember what we see in the movies? You bet. But if this little landslide of responses proves anything, it proves that we also remember what we hear in them. ■



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KEN WAHL COMES TUMBLING DOWN

THE FORMER 'WISEGUY' STAR RECOUNTS THE DOWNS (ALCOHOLISM, PAIN) AND UPS (LIFE AS A PORN PINUP'S HUBBY) OF HIS LAST EIGHT RECLUSIVE YEARS. BY DALTON ROSS

THE "SEXIEST MAN ON TV" RESTS IN THE BACK BOOTH OF a Los Angeles bar. He's sitting with a vodka in one hand and holding his aching neck with the other. Somewhere behind the bushy goatee, disheveled black and gray hair, and many layers of extra weight hides Ken Wahl. The other patrons are oblivious to the presence of a man whose résumé includes movies with Paul Newman and Brad Pitt, a critically hailed TV show (*Wiseguy*), as well as a Golden Globe win and Emmy nod for best actor. At one time, Wahl, with his chiseled chin and picture-perfect pompadour, was hailed as the hottest hunk since Tom Cruise. *Us* magazine put him on its cover in April of '89, proclaiming him TV's stud-muffin du jour. All the guys

wanted to share a beer with him, and all the gals wanted to share a bed with him. • But Ken Wahl's story didn't follow the expected script. His story involves alcohol, accidents, arrests, a cover-up, Elvis, *both* Barbi twins, and most of all, a boatload of physical and emotional distress. During his first in-person interview in more than eight years, Wahl squirms constantly in his seat. He's obviously uncomfortable. Sure, there's the physical pain. But he also loathes opening up—a fact he'll repeat in his deep, direct voice many times over the next two hours. Wahl refused to be photographed, and says he's doing this interview only as a favor to a publicist friend, who encouraged him to promote three available *Wiseguy* DVD-sets. After all, what's in it for him? And what could possibly be so interesting about *his* life?

PHOTOGRAPHED IN 1978 BY MARY ELLEN MARK



(Clockwise from top left) Wahl on location with Newman in '81; reunited with *Wiseguy*'s Byrnes in '96; with first wife Alphen

WAHL STARRED WITH PAUL NEWMAN IN 'FORT APACHE, THE BRONX,' SOMETHING THAT MIGHT HAVE AWED THE ACTOR IF HE HAD BOTHERED TO SEE ANY OF NEWMAN'S WELL-KNOWN WORK.

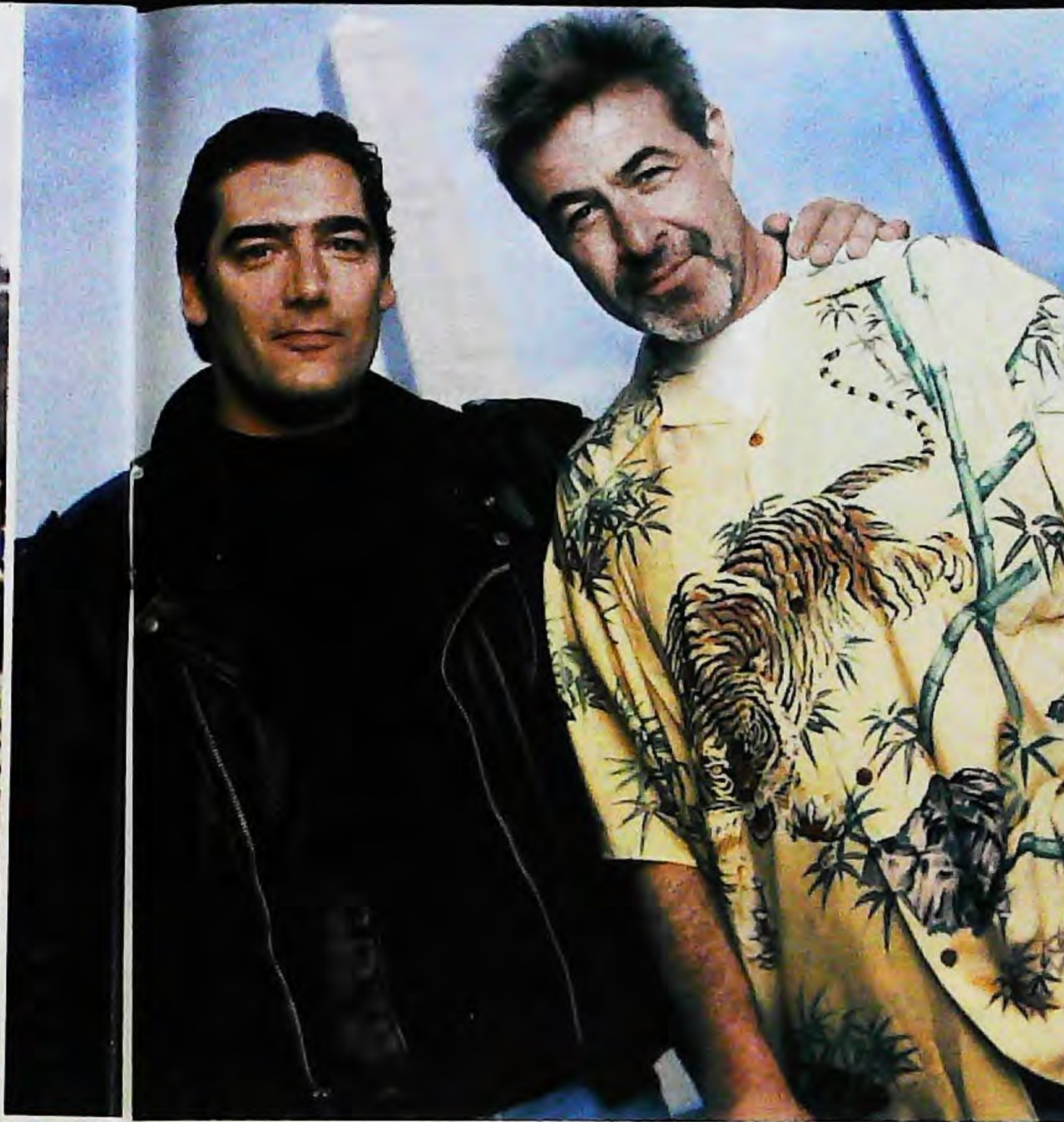
THE MYSTERY SURROUNDING WAHL goes all the way back to the beginning. Ken Wahl was born in Chicago on... well, no one quite knows when Wahl was born. Some reports say Halloween 1954, others say Valentine's Day 1956, but these reports seem to be attempts by the actor to stymie curiosity seekers. "There's a reason for that," Wahl states cryptically, "but I'm not gonna get into why." Oh, one other thing: Ken Wahl is not actually Ken Wahl. At least he wasn't when he was born. While he declines to disclose his birth name, he does say that the moniker he's gone by for the past 25 years is the name of the person who saved his father's life in the Korean War.

Growing up, Wahl dreamed of becoming a baseball player. With an athletic frame that would grow to 6 foot 3, he was a power-hitting shortstop in the Cal Ripken Jr. mold. "I don't know if I would have made the major leagues," Wahl says, "but I would have gotten to at least Triple-A." That was before the 15-year-old crashed a motorcycle during a little off-roading. The result—a busted left knee—ended Wahl's field of dreams. It was also a nasty case of foreshadowing.

Soon after, Wahl quit high school "to help pay the bills," and crossed the country while working as a janitor, construction worker, and gas jockey. Acting seemed like an improbable next step, especially since Wahl was fairly disdainful of the craft. "To me it always seemed like a waste of time to sit there for two hours in the dark

watching other people do things," he says. "Even in school, acting just seemed so queer, you know—wearing makeup and putting on costumes." But acting, though not cool to Wahl, came easily. He made his way to Hollywood and worked as an extra on films like *The Buddy Holly Story* for \$25 a day and lunch, before landing the lead role of Richie in the goofy 1979 gang drama *The Wanderers*. Two years later, he starred alongside Newman in *Fort Apache, the Bronx*, something that might have awed the young actor if he had bothered to see *The Hustler* or any of Newman's well-known work.

Wahl began popping up in a number of movies and magazine articles. (Of his well-reported feud with Bette Midler on the set of *Jurassic* he says, "I said some things off the cuff that got repeated and



repeated and got blown way out of proportion.") In 1984, his career was interrupted by another accident when he was thrown from a motorcycle on his way to a meeting with Diane Keaton about starring in the romantic drama *Mrs. Soffel*. A helmetless Wahl ended up with "a pretty wicked gash in my scalp" that was closed with 89 stitches. To add insult to literal injury, the part went to Mel Gibson.

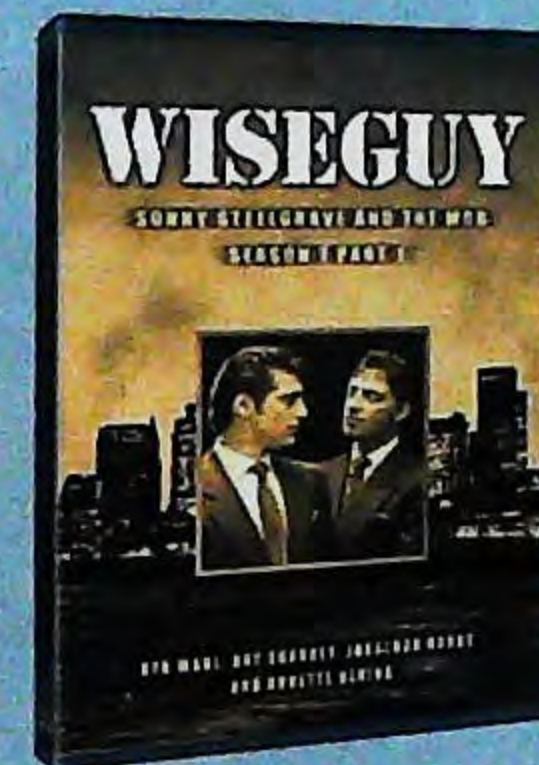
Three years later, and without a big hit on his film résumé ("Every single movie I've done has been crap because they've cut the best stuff out"), the 32 (or perhaps 31?)-year-old turned his attention to a pilot for a Stephen J. Cannell drama called *Wiseguy*. The lead role of undercover agent Vinnie Terranova called for an introspective investigator with street smarts. "He had all the elements," says Cannell. "He was vulnerable, likable, handsome, dark, and he could play intricate emotional scenes." With multi-episode story arcs—then a TV anomaly—*Wiseguy* became an instant critical fave.

The moment everything soured, Wahl says, is easy to pinpoint. It occurred during season 2 of *Wiseguy* when director Jan Eliasberg decided to do a tracking shot from Vinnie's point of view. "She had me walking into my own POV shot, and you don't have to be Steven Spielberg to know that that's not right," says Wahl. "I was stepping up, and the [camera] wheel caught my right heel and it just ripped out the Achilles tendon. Pop! It sounded like a champagne cork. But she wanted to do it again, so I said, 'Okay, you're the boss.'"

"So we did the shot again," Cannell sighs, "and ran him down again! Twice!" ("I would never ask an actor or a stuntperson to do anything that was unsafe," replies Eliasberg, who adds that Cannell and others hired her afterward to direct various projects.) At this point, Wahl was in such pain, Cannell decided to replace him for three episodes while he healed. "And that was the beginning of the end and the end of the beginning," says Wahl. "From that day forward, I've never been the same."

DVD REVIEW

Word to the 'Wise' Missing Wahl's star turn is a crime



Wiseguy (1987–90) took the mold for crime shows and roughed it up—the series was the first to make its villains more colorful, and often more prominent, than its star. Ken Wahl's performance as undercover agent Vinnie Terranova (even his surname translated as new territory for TV) was an underrated paradox—a modest tough guy. Wahl was willing to be heroic when the script called

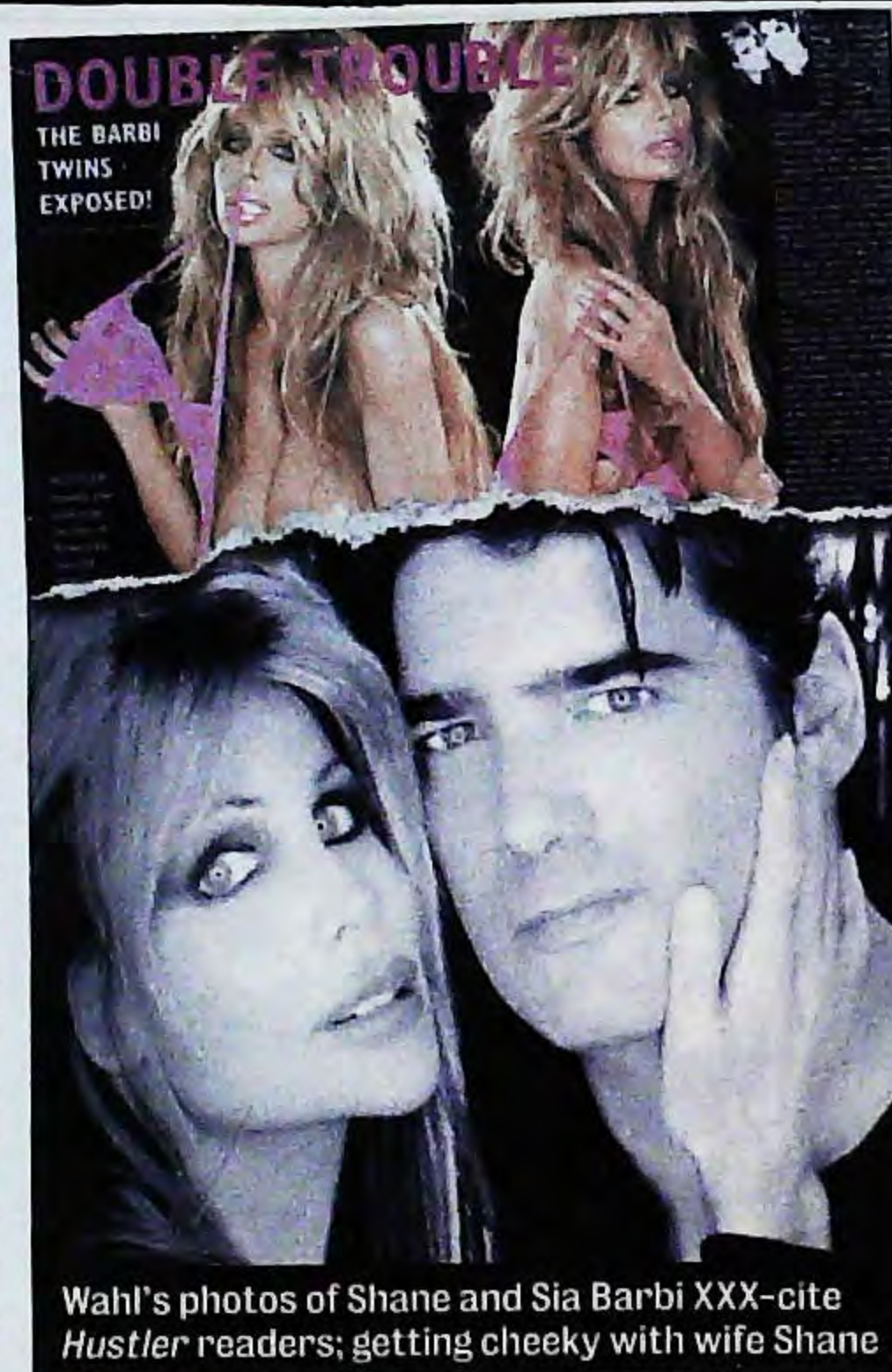
for it, but also willing to stand aside and let vividly eccentric villains portrayed by Kevin Spacey, the late Ray Sharkey, and Jerry Lewis take center camera. *Wiseguy* used the multi-episode "story arc" format better than any series—and was one of the first programs to do so. The show's finest editions can now be seen on DVD (*Unrated, 10 hrs. each, StudioWorks*): three collections that include fascinatingly frank, ruefully funny commentaries by Wahl and similarly candid interviews with Stephen J. Cannell and David J. Burke. **A-** —Ken Tucker

WISEGUY WASN'T THE SAME EITHER. WAHL RETURNED to the series in 1989, but by the end of the third season the show was drifting into *Twin Peaks* territory. "Our last arc, we had a legless sheriff who had dwarfs as deputies," recalls Cannell, "and I thought, you know, *Enough*." Both he and CBS wanted to return to the street-savvy, action-oriented plots of season 1, while Wahl preferred the more "cerebral" tone of season 3. After a 10-minute phone call in the spring of 1990 in which the two stood their ground, Cannell, essentially, fired Wahl. The split sparked gossip of a nasty feud, but both say Wahl parted amicably. "It was very businesslike. He wanted to change the show, and I didn't," says Wahl. Concedes Cannell: "It was just a difference of opinion" (a difference that was apparently resolved when the two teamed for a *Wiseguy* reunion movie in 1996). But other factors may have caused the split. Cannell hints that Wahl was eager to get back into movies, while Jim Byrnes, who played Vinnie's crime-fighting cohort, says, "It seemed like Ken did take some bad advice from a manager. He sort of dug a hole that was hard to get out of." So just a year after *Us* magazine's "Sexiest Man on TV" cover hit newsstands, Wahl was no longer on television. At first he welcomed the break: "When that Sexiest Man thing came out, I absolutely hated it," his voice rising. "Everybody likes to be thought of as attractive, but when it's the foremost thing that you're known for, it's the kiss of death."

After *Wiseguy*, Wahl starred in 1991's *Die Hard* knockoff *The Taking of Beverly Hills*. The movie flopped, grossing less than \$1 million. And then things got worse. A lot worse. And weirder.

A lot weirder. In 1992, Wahl gave the press a detailed account of a horrific motorcycle crash that occurred when he was riding his Harley at 2:30 a.m. and was cut off by a car. Only one problem—the accident never happened. In actuality, Wahl fell down a flight of stairs. The problem is that they were not his stairs. The incident, he says now, really happened at the home of Rodney Dangerfield's girlfriend, Joan Child. "We were dating casually," Wahl begins after ordering another drink. "I stayed over at her house one night, fell down these stairs, and she begged me not to say that in the press. She said, 'Because if Rodney finds out, he's going to cut me out.'" (Child, who married Dangerfield a year later, declined to comment for this article.)

Wahl chalks up the accident to his injured ankle from the *Wiseguy* set giving out on him. "It's a string of events from that day," Wahl shakes his head. "Connect the dots." The result was a fractured neck, which he says became even more painful after doctors "botched" the surgery. When doctors refused to prescribe pain medication—in Wahl's view because it would have been "an admission of guilt"—he found another way to numb the senses. "I was like, Okay, I can't get a prescription, so I'll get a bottle of vodka. I was in such chronic, agonizing pain 24 hours a day that I started drinking to kill the pain."



By the mid-'90s, Wahl's physical and emotional state was deteriorating. Since he was unable to exercise, his weight increased, as did his vodka intake. But he tried to keep acting. A 1994 TV film, *Search for Grace*, was followed by the *Wiseguy* reunion. Even that workload was too much. "On the *Wiseguy* movie they were shooting me up like a racehorse with cortisone and s---. I only worked 16 days and barely got through it. That's when I knew I couldn't do it anymore. I had to hang 'em up." Ken Wahl hasn't acted since.

Off screen, Wahl suffered as well. In late 1995, he was charged with disturbing the peace after a neighbor apprehended him in a citizen's arrest. ("It was a kids' party with Elvis Christmas music!" laughs Wahl. "I mean, how benign can you get?") Less benign was the outstanding warrant for a drunken-driving charge police discovered when they arrived at

Wahl's Malibu home. He pleaded no contest to both charges and received probation. A year later, Wahl was arrested again, this time for allegedly threatening a bartender with a hunting knife after being refused alcohol. Wahl disputes the charge as "total bulls---. He was just a really nasty prick and I finally said to him, 'You know, buddy, if you keep up this attitude, I'm going to kick your ass.'" Nonetheless, Wahl pleaded no contest again

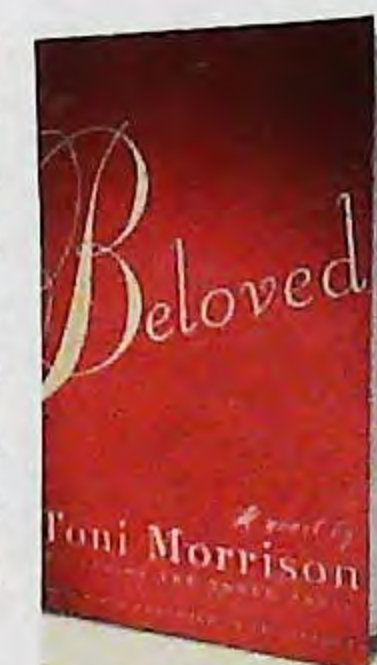
and was ordered to enter a live-in alcohol rehabilitation program.

The treatment facility didn't help. "There were times I talked to him where I was like, 'Oh, my God, Kenny!'" recalls Byrnes, who knows something about physical pain courtesy of a 1972 car crash that claimed both of his legs. "And what can you do to help somebody on the phone in the middle of the night and you can tell how hammered they are? You want to pick him up and smack him around and say, 'What the hell are you doing, man? You've got so much to live for!'"

Evidently, Wahl didn't agree. While he says he wasn't actively trying to kill himself, he wasn't actively trying to live, either. "It's not that you're suicidal, but you are ambivalent," says Wahl of his state at the time. Only when a doctor finally prescribed him pain medication, Wahl says, did he begin to curtail his boozing. But to what degree? As he recounts these stories, Wahl sits within arm's reach of a shot of Grey Goose vodka, but he claims it's his first drink in three months. "I never said that I quit drinking," he states flatly. "And I never will. And furthermore, if I had to do it all over again, I would do the exact same thing."

EVERY KEN NEEDS A BARBI, AND WAHL'S HAS TAKEN HIS life into another bizarre direction. On Sept. 17, 1997, Wahl wed *Playboy* cover girl Shane Barbi of the notorious Barbi twins. It was the second time he'd married an X-rated pin-up; his first wife was *Penthouse* Pet Corinne Alphen. But Shane had something Corinne did not: a twin sister. In 2001, Shane and Sia went on Howard Stern's radio show and revealed that they "shared" Wahl sexually, with Sia visiting Ken two to three times a week. "Yeah, occasionally," confirms Wahl. "Hey, that's something I

can still do, so I take advantage of it every chance I got. I don't make any apologies for that." Nor does he make apologies for the sexually explicit photos he took of the twins spanking, whipping, and walking each other like dogs that appeared in the January and August 2004 issues of *Hustler*—photos that arrived at the magazine courtesy of a third party who *Hustler* insists was not Wahl. "I like photography, I like sex, I like girls, so I took pictures," explains the amateur shutterbug. "You know—no big deal."



2 TONI MORRISON paperbacks Vintage Books reissues the author's signature works, including *Sula* and *Beloved*, in one beautiful collection.

3 MARIA FULL OF GRACE

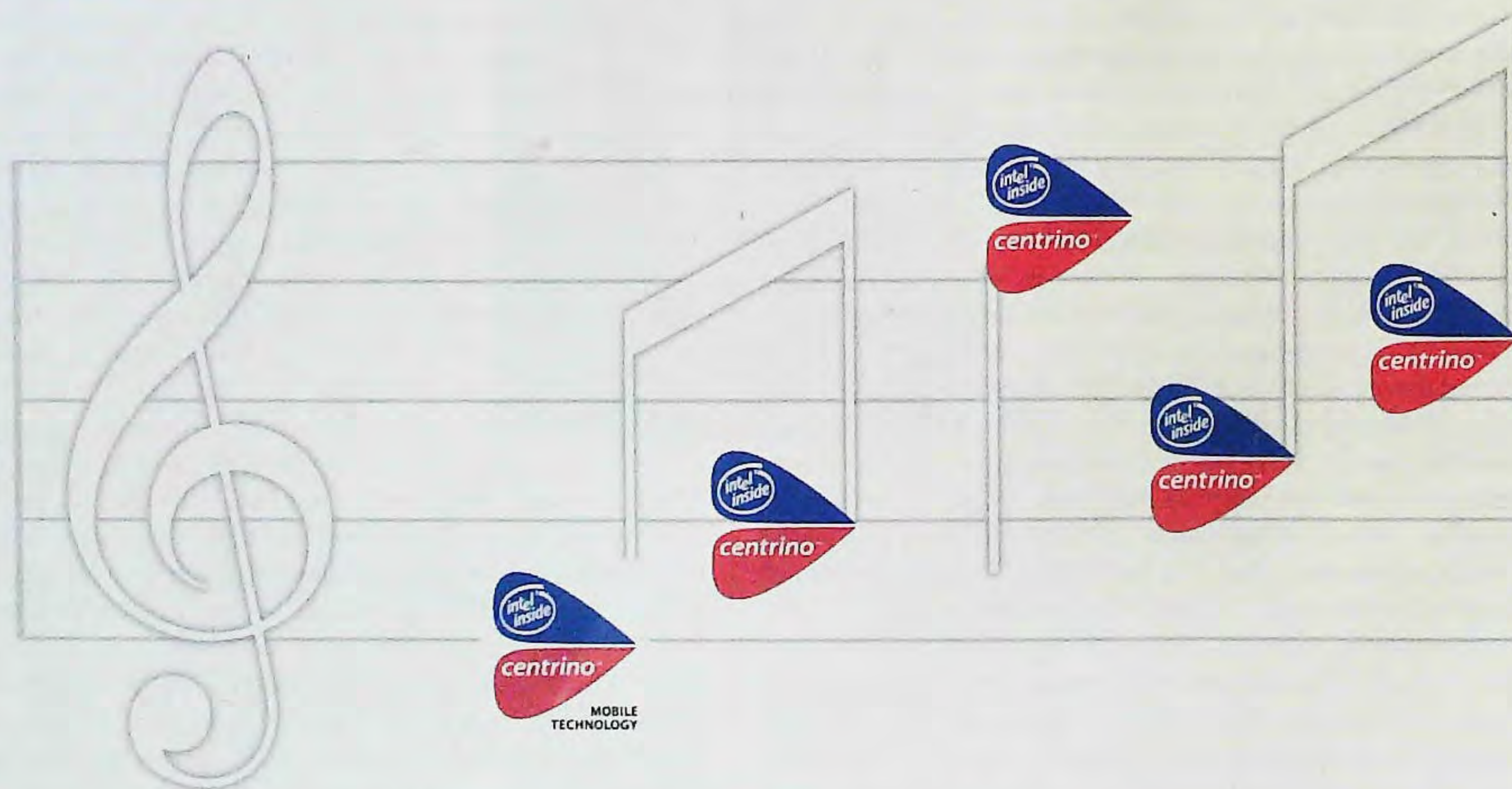
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4 Akon's "LOCKED UP"

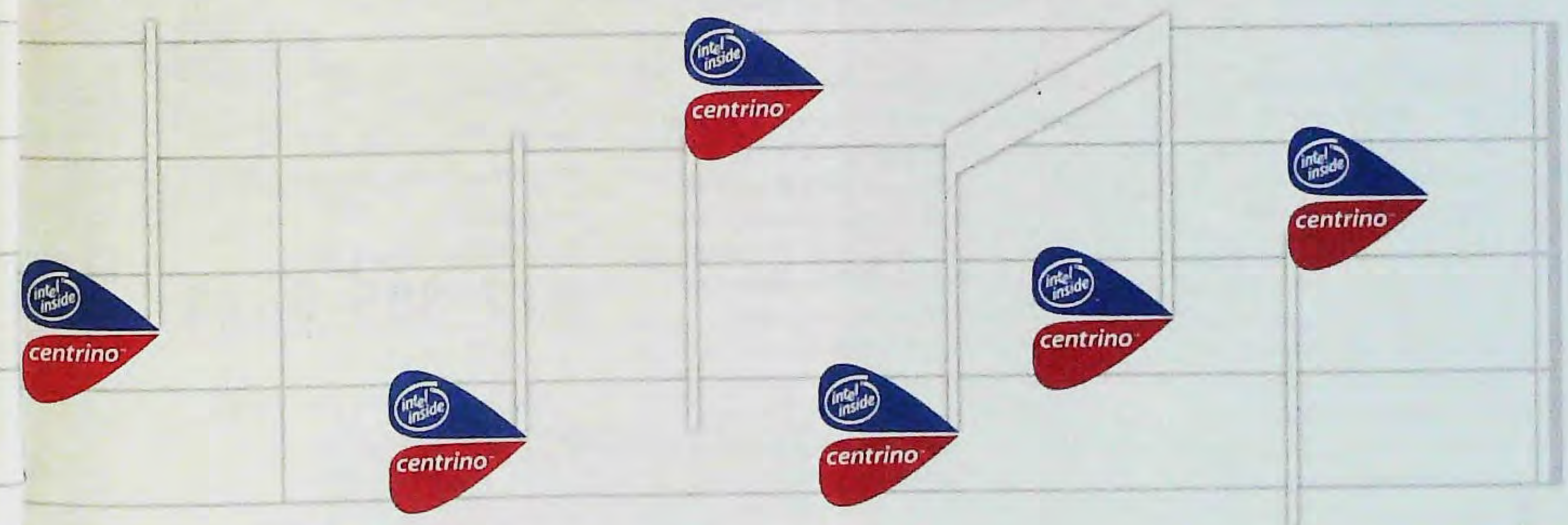
No visitors, no magazines, no phone calls—jail is no fun, but it does make for a smooth R&B groove with a cool cell-door-slamming beat.

5 CHARLA and MIRNA

on 'The Amazing Race' Props to little person Charla for lugging that side of beef in episode 1—and lugging Mirna for



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A floor lamp that spreads sunshine all over a room

ney Dangerfield's girlfriend, Joan Child. "We were dating casually," Wahl begins after ordering another drink. "I stayed over at her house one night, fell down these stairs, and she begged me not to say that in the press. She said, 'Because if Rodney finds out, he's going to cut me out.'" (Child, who married Dangerfield a year later, declined to comment for this article.)

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Wahl's photos of Shane and Hustler readers; getting c

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07/30/04

The Must List

Fly ball, catchy rhythms, and 8 other things we love this week



1 **JEFF BRIDGES** in *'The Door in the Floor'* He brings subtlety and soulfulness to a swaggering author brought low by his teen sons' deaths.



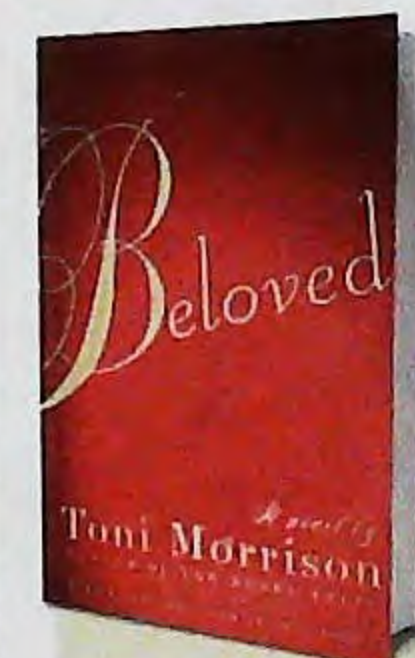
6 **Baseball**

With Arizona Diamondback Randy Johnson (above) pitching up a storm and the usually dismal Texas Rangers dominating, this summer baseball has become the ultimate in reality TV.

7 **Spider-Man LEGO Movie** The URL's too long to list, but Google "LEGO" and "Spider-Man" for a swingin' plastic-block take on the webslinger.

8 **McSWEENEY'S #13** Edited by Jimmy Corrigan author Chris Ware, this all-comics issue features graphic works from the likes of R. Crumb and Lynda Barry.

9 **METHOD & RED** Buoyed by their bad-boy charm—and sharp supporting players like *Daily Show* alum Beth Littleford—the rap duo gets all *Fresh Prince* of *Bel-Air* in Fox's hood-to-the-burbs sitcom.

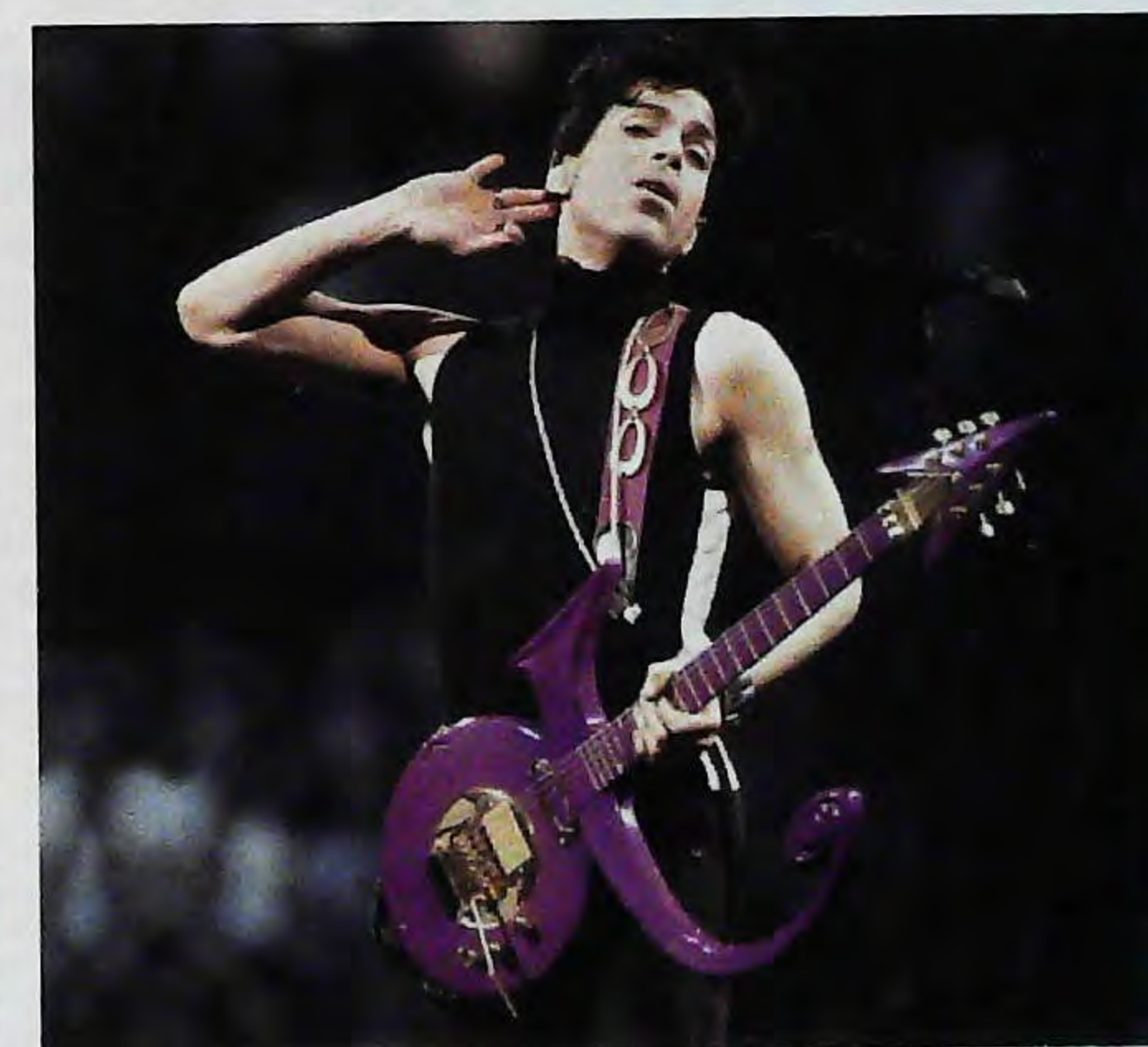


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5 **CHARLA and MIRNA** on *'The Amazing Race'* Props to little person Charla for lugging that side of beef in episode 1—and lugging Mirna for the whole contest.



10 **Prince's Musicology Tour** The funk master brings the old hits out of storage but sounds fresher than ever on the it's-not-a-comeback trail.

+Movies



Didn't your mommy tell you it's not nice to spy on people?

A Star Is Bourne

Matt Damon makes an unforgettable impression in the kinetic *Bourne Supremacy*. by Owen Gleiberman

Matt Damon, Franka Potente
PG-13, 108 mins. (Universal)

I couldn't begin to guess how many separate shots make up a standard thriller, but I wouldn't be surprised to learn that there are twice as many in *The Bourne Supremacy*. The director, Paul Greengrass, employs handheld cameras and shoots everything that happens—a car crashing off a bridge, an assassin strolling through a hotel lobby—from a dozen angles at once, arranging the images into what looks like a chain reaction of jump cuts. Except that the movie, as breathless as it is, never leaps too far out of the moment. It surrounds

the moment, in all its adrenaline and chaos. It immerses us in the emotional thick of the action.

Jason Bourne (Matt Damon), the amnesiac CIA assassin, is in the thick of it as well. As he hides out in India with Marie (Franka Potente), his lover and savior, he spots a potential predator. It's a corny suspense moment (how could Bourne know that this guy is after him?), yet it's staged with such tossed-off sinister flair that it sucks you right in. Based, like its predecessor, on a Robert Ludlum novel, *The Bourne Supremacy* is a conventionally heightened series of escapes and clashes and hide-and-seek gambits, yet the way the film has been made, nothing

that happens seems inevitable—which is to say, anything seems possible. There's a word for that sensation. It's called excitement.

Two years ago, Doug Liman, of *Swingers* fame, directed *The Bourne Identity* and proved that he could craft an action sequence as dandy as the next megabucks

auteur. Yet the film was structured around the mystery of Bourne learning who he was—and the more he discovered about himself, the less interesting he became. Damon played Bourne with almost too much pleading humanity; he was a killer searching for redemption in his past. In *The Bourne Supremacy*, Bourne, who now knows that he's a government assassin, gets framed for murder during a sabotaged special op, which sets his former CIA bosses on the hunt for him. As he bounds from Berlin to Naples to Amsterdam to Moscow, he's tracked by Ward Abbott (Brian Cox), the feisty Cold Warrior, as well as a new character, agent Pamela Landy (Joan Allen), who Bourne, in a terrific scene, holds directly in his rifle sights. He is also targeted by the Russian gangster who

framed him. From the outset, Bourne is in too much hot water to worry about "who he is," and though he's haunted by flashbacks to a mysterious mission, Damon plays him as a shell running on instinct, with a wasted, nearly sociopathic edge.

The whirring Damon mind, tucked beneath the actor's aging-choirboy look, is a magnetic and fascinating machine. He has a singular ability to act fervently preoccupied yet casually focused on whatever's in front of him, and that serves him brilliantly in a thriller like this one, which sees threats in every car and pedes-

trian and hotel room. He's a tightly wired image of grace under the pressure of awareness. Each shot in *The Bourne Supremacy*, no matter how quick, carries a new perception, a new sliver of information, and that mirrors the way Bourne thinks—with his nerve endings extended, at once frayed and fully alive. Even the fights have an ominous unpredictability. In the first film, Bourne slipped into robotic martial-arts mode. Here, he's clawing for his life.

We're used to thrillers that jack up the action, but Greengrass, who made the extraordinary, you-are-there Irish docudrama *Bloody Sunday* (2002), isn't a hyperactive technician. He's a virtuoso of realism—an artist using his gifts to tap the inner life of pulp fiction by staging it with an ingenious trickery and psychological cunning. A movie like *The Bourne Supremacy* plays according to genre rules, yet it lures us into the illusion that the characters aren't being protected by a hermetic, morally tidy action-adventure world. They're daredevils in our world. That's why the movie's final car chase is so spectacular. As Bourne and his nemesis race through a Moscow tunnel, every hairpin turn and shred of ripped metal feels sensationally random—and gripping.

It would be a stretch to say that *The Bourne Supremacy* has a hint of topical urgency. Though set well after the end of the Cold War, it's rooted in the relatively stable relationship between the United States and Russia. These days, Hollywood wouldn't have it any other way. Yet has there ever been a greater need for a tensile, journalistic thriller-drama that dared to confront the thorny and terrifying conflicts that now rule our world? Based on *The Bourne Supremacy*, I'd wager that Paul Greengrass has the fervor, the immediacy, maybe the vision to make that movie. **A**

This showdown has been brought to you by Victoria's Secret



CATWOMAN
Halle Berry, Benjamin Bratt
PG-13, 91 mins. (Warner Bros.)

Not the cat's meow, but Berry sure looks great in leather

Today's comic-book blockbusters pay a lot of lip service to the strangeness and torment of their split-personality heroes, but let's be honest: Beneath their bug

and bat suits, these are pretty straight guys. Just because Tobey Maguire has a few problems shooting off his web in *Spider-Man 2* doesn't mean that his love is anything but pure. *Catwoman*, however, serves up a lonely costumed female savior, and you can feel what the pressure has done to her. Catwoman, a purring whippersnapper vixen who leaps around balconies and buildings like a jungle predator, isn't just

an alter ego. She's a superfreak, a good-time bad girl whose kinky strength—her banishment of all that's passive and fearful—is also her craziness. She may not be a villain this time around, but she still thinks like one. She's a crime fighter who has snapped.

Halle Berry, in shiny ruby lips, bare-backed dominatrix leathers, and a pointy-eared Egyptian mask, looks sensational, and she gives Catwoman an outrageous sex-panther strut as well as a happy coo of a snarl. What really puts her over, though, is her startlingly sinuous kitty-cat posture: pelvis thrust, midriff sucked back, shoulders out, head lolling to the side. It's as if her center of gravity were double-jointed. This, it seems, is what a life of pent-up aggression will do to a girl.

Berry starts out as Patience Philips, a fluttery art designer for Hedare cosmetics, which is run by the haughty George Hedare (Lambert Wilson) and his aging—and therefore resentful—supermodel wife, Laurel (Sharon



Critical Mass

Here's how a sampling of critics from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	JAMI BERNARD N.Y. Daily News	TY BURR Boston Globe	MIKE CLARK USA Today	JOANNA CONNORS Cleveland Plain Dealer	ROGER EBERT Chicago Sun-Times	LIAM LACEY Toronto Globe and Mail	MICK LISALLE San Francisco Chronicle	TODD MCCARTHY Variety	CARRIE RICKEY Philadelphia Inquirer	RENE RODRIGUEZ The Dallas Morning News	ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY	EW READERS*	CRITICS' AVERAGE
▲ ANCHORMAN	B	B-	B-	D	B	B	C+	-	B	C+	C+	B	B-
BEFORE SUNSET	B+	A	B+	A	B+	A	A	-	A-	-	A	B	A-
A CINDERELLA STORY	C-	C	D-	-	D	C-	C+	D+	D+	D	C-	C+	D+
FAHRENHEIT 9/11	B	B	B+	A	B+	B	A	C	B	B	B+	A-	B+
I, ROBOT	A-	C+	-	B-	C	B	B-	C-	B	C+	B-	B	B-
KING ARTHUR	C	B-	B-	C	B-	C	C-	B	C	C+	B-	B-	C+
MARIA FULL OF GRACE	B+	-	-	-	B+	-	-	B	-	A-	A	A-	B+
METALLICA: SOME KIND...	B+	A-	-	-	B+	-	-	-	-	A	B+	A-	A-
SLEEPOVER	-	-	-	-	D	C-	C+	-	D+	D	F	C	D+
SPIDER-MAN 2	A-	B+	A	A	A+	A	A-	B+	B	A	A	A	A-

*EW READER GRADES come from the Front Row, EW's online reader panel. If you'd like to join, go to frontrowpanel.com/join.



Rich Girl of the Week

LINDSAY LOHAN

Luck be a Lohan tonight? The 18-year-old redhead will score her highest paycheck to date—a cool \$7.5 million—for headlining the comedy *Lady Luck* at New Regency and 20th Century Fox.

Stone). After Patience stumbles onto secret information that the company's about-to-be-launched skin cream is toxic, she gets dumped into a river and is reborn, courtesy of a mystical Mau cat she had previously rescued. When Patience, as Catwoman, slinks into a nightclub and orders a White Russian minus everything but the cream (which she then licks off her upper lip), or when she gets hunky detective Tom Lone (Benjamin Bratt) within reach of her jeweled talons, the movie gives off the funky twinkle of a very naughty sex comedy. Throwing her paws over her head, as if she'd like to be cat-cuffed, Catwoman lets Lone know that she's game for just about anything. Berry makes her so erotically empowered that she's funny, but her I'm-a-demon-vamp-and-loving-it performance deserved a far superior movie.

The director is a French graduate of TV commercials who bills himself as Pitof, and my assessment of his abilities is simple: Pitof, you're no McG. *Catwoman* includes a few fun fight scenes in which our feline fatale twirls and kicks like Charlie's Baddest Angel, but most of the movie has the cruddy lighting and generic, death-by-franchise atmosphere of a third-rate spectacle that's been worked over by too many hacks. I wouldn't call *Catwoman* incompetent, yet it has no visual grandeur, and very little surprise; you can tick off the story beats as if they'd been graphed. As for Sharon Stone, cast as a woman who appears to be principally furious over having been cursed with Toni Collette's hair, she certainly makes a colorful impression as the villainous cosmetics bitch, if only because her sexiness has grown so disturbingly hard. Her cold porcelain is no match for Catwoman's hot taffy. If there's a sequel, I hope it's a better meow mix. **B-** —OG



Damn, I think I got something in my eye

THE BLIND SWORDSMAN: ZATOICHI

Takeshi Kitano, Tadanobu Asano
R, 115 mins. (Miramax)

The fight scenes cut like a knife, but the rest of the film...

The great Bruce Lee twirled his limbs around with such fearsome speed and control that he seemed to be slicing through time itself. His whirling, precision chop kills weren't just fast—they were instantaneous, and thus beautiful. I was reminded of the gratifying shock-force of Lee's fleet savagery when I saw *The Blind Swordsman: Zatoichi*, in which the director and star, Takeshi Kitano, revives the venerable hero of Japanese action cinema. From 1962 to 1989, Zatoichi, played by the endearingly gruff Shintaro Katsu, was the subject of 26 feature films and more than 100 television episodes. Drawing on that mystique, Kitano, his hair dyed a startling blond, plays him as the ultimate pop myth of a samurai—a blind and wandering 19th-century masseur who eases

down country roads with an old man's cautious shuffle, leaning on what appears to be an ornate red cane. Actually, it's a sheathed sword, and whenever he draws its gleaming blade, the movie enters what I can only describe as slasher heaven.

Poised before a foe, Zatoichi keeps his eyes calmly closed, yet his other senses are pure, his strokes thrilling in their razor's suddenness. He stands in perfect serenity, and then—*rip! rip!*—he has sliced, with cathartic finality, through someone's chest, or neck, or eyes. His sword becomes a magic wand of death. Each stroke, accompanied by a startling smash of sound, produces a tiny shower of bright red blood, yet the eruptions happen too quickly, in their way, to be over-the-top. How lightning a killer is Zatoichi? He's faster than Zorro, Achilles, or Freddy Krueger. He makes Pei Mei look like a putz.

This is well beyond fury—it's Zen annihilation. You'd think that filmmakers would have exhausted the possibilities of how to depict a blade slicing through someone's torso, but Kitano had an inspired

idea: He uses digital technology to create profoundly physical meetings of steel and flesh and blood. Though you can occasionally tell that you're watching a synthetic image, the effect is to give sword-play a smooth, brutal lethality it has never had on screen before.

The odd thing is, as much as I adored the action in *Zatoichi*, everything else about the movie is awful. Takeshi Kitano is a brazen stylist who indulges in happy flights of delirium, such as the group tap dance at the end. He is also, however, a hopelessly convoluted and inept storyteller. His maddeningly fragmentary gangster films, like *Fireworks* and *Sonatine*, have made him the darling of critics, yet I have never been able to sit through them. I would gladly summarize what happens in *Zatoichi*—it has something to do with a criminal gang trying to take over a village, as well as a pair of geisha out to avenge their family's death—except that I could scarcely make heads or tails of it. The movie, quite simply, goes to sleep whenever Zatoichi isn't fighting. When he is, it's a pulp dazzler. **B** —OG

A HOME AT THE END OF THE WORLD

Colin Farrell, Robin Wright Penn
R, 95 mins. (Warner Independent)

Colin Farrell shows his sensitive side in a wispy '80s drama

Any actor on the fast track to stardom who chooses to play a sexually ambiguous character can be said to have made a daring choice. In *A Home at the End of the World*, based on an acclaimed novel Michael Cunningham wrote before *The Hours*, Colin Farrell makes that and other bold choices as well. As Bobby, a wonder-struck 24-year-old virgin who grew up idolizing his acidhead older brother, he's playing a dazed, tremulous, utterly open-hearted young man: the last flower child in America.

Most of the film takes place in the '80s, and for a while, as Bobby moves to the vibrant squalor of New York's East Village, Farrell wears a shaggy hippie wig that has the unfortunate effect of making him look like Treat Williams in *Hair*. Even after Bobby's locks are shorn, though, it's nearly as disquieting to see the actor use his brusque sensual features—the raffish grin, the eyebrows that slope like greasepaint slashes—to express the gawky innocence of a polymorphously sweet man-child.



The red! The blue! The purple! Ohhh, the pretty colors!

Farrell does all that he can to act guileless, yet you can tell how hard he's working. He still stalks around with the wiry ease of a born stud, making his vulnerability seem like an act.

Bobby has come to New York to visit his childhood best friend, Jonathan (Dallas Roberts), only to be drawn into a complicated emotional and erotic triangle. The two shared a few furtive liaisons as teenagers, and Jonathan, who is still in love with Bobby, now cruises for one-night stands. His roommate, Clare (Robin Wright Penn), a scraggly bohemian hat-maker, falls for Bobby too, and seduces him, yet the situation could hardly be less sordid. Bobby serves these two as a spiritual boy toy, and it's the conceit of the film that the three forge a new kind of family. They even move to the country and have a baby!

If you thought that *The Hours* conveyed more thematic grandeur than it did dramatic sense, just wait until you see *A Home at the End of the World*. It has moments of fine acting, notably from Dallas Roberts, who gives Jonathan a witty, coiled decency, yet the first-time director, Michael Mayer, never begins to ground these unorthodox relationships in the bedrock of dailiness. Most of the movie feels like Farrell's performance: deeply sincere, and more showy than convincing. **C+** —OG

TRAILER PARK



THE AVIATOR Catch this one if you can: Leo + aviation x period biopic = very pretty photography. And while the little-millionaire-that-could resonances have a somewhat conventional ring, that final shot gets the petrol pumping. **B+**



CELLULAR Kidnapped Kim Basinger calls a random schmoe's cell for help! William H. Macy investigates! Random schmoe needs a phone charger! I just kept expecting Catherine Zeta-Jones to pop out and offer me Whenever minutes. **C-**



FINDING NEVERLAND You need one sincere trailer to reclaim Neverland from the Jacko joke factory—and this is it (albeit with a distracting voice-over). Johnny Depp (as *Peter Pan* scribe J.M. Barrie) makes a winning rogue-with-a-brogue. **B+**



TAXI It's funny fare as Danny DeVito, Judd Hirsch, and Marilu Henner drive a...hang on. This isn't related to the TV series at all. This stars Jimmy Fallon and Queen Latifah, fighting criminal hotties in a supercab. And looks terrible. **F**



WIMBLEDON Paul Bettany and Kirsten Dunst are so bloody charming, why find fault? So what if the trailer spells out the whole film? He's a washed-up tennis star, she's his sassy muse. We know what happens next: robot warfare. **B-**



CONSTANTINE To nonfans of the *Hellblazer* comic, this probably looks like *Matrix 4: The Exorcist*. To geeks, the casting of very un-British Keanu likely rankles. And me? I just like seeing Rachel Weisz get yanked through an office building. **C+** —Scott Brown

FLAVORS

Reef Karim, Pooja Kumar
Unrated, 114 mins. (Net Effect)

Indian Americans looking for love make for one bland dish

Flavors, a (mostly) English-language Bollywood-esque relationship comedy, slightly recalls *The Sopranos*, in that it might surprise some people that the New Jersey suburbs are teeming not just with identifiably human mobsters but with living, stressing, mate-seeking Indian Americans as well. Let's meet a bunch of them.

Front and center at this innocuous but too-cutesy affair is Kartik (Reef Karim), a playful joker who's best phone-friends with the similarly likable Rachna (Pooja Kumar), a West Coaster

who spends far too long—as in, the entire movie—pretending that the two of them aren't completely movie-made for each other. There's also Rad (Anupam Mittal), a laid-back dude whose marriage to a white woman brings Kartik, Rachna, and the rest of the characters together. Of these, the least appealing is a laid-off computer sad sack named Vivek (Mohit Shah), who pines so interminably for a woman back in India that by the film's end, you're happy for her that she got away.

Earnest and intermittently diverting, this cheerful little movie isn't the sort of thing you see every day. At the same time, it's precisely the sort of thing you see every day, given that the subpar execution makes everybody look like characters in a B movie rather than real people.

Flavors eschews Bollywood's typical song-and-dance numbers, but its other strange distancing devices—bleeping out the F-words, an unfunny moment where characters directly acknowledge the audience—kind of make you wish it hadn't. **C+** —Gregory Kirschling



Sireesha Katragadda gets a hold of her life

ASK THE CRITIC Lisa Schwarzbaum

Offensive Play



Haley Joel Osment learns to Pay It horrid

What's the difference between a movie that's simply bad and one that truly offends? —*Rosalie Rippey* I've cut off your terrific question before the part where you cite my review of *Mona Lisa Smile* as an example of something I've criticized as the latter. By my standards, a bad movie simply and honestly sucks in concept (*Garfield: The Movie*), execution (*Troy*), or a whammo combination of both (*The Chronicles of Riddick*). An offensive movie, on the other hand, glosses over its flaws with a varnish of self-righteous moralizing that leaves a sucker thinking that he or she has been taught a valuable, high-toned life lesson and that to discredit the teaching tool demonstrates ingratitude (*Life Is Beautiful*), reflects a faulty values system (*Pay It Forward*), or suggests the critic is, in fact, a bitch (*Mona Lisa Smile*). Sometimes this kind of offense can be attributed to a condition known as *Patch Adams* fever.

SEND QUESTIONS TO ASKTHECRITIC@EW.COM, OR POST THEM ONLINE AT EW.COM/ASKTHECRITIC

Now Playing

ANCHORMAN: THE LEGEND OF RON BURGUNDY PG-13, 91 mins.

As Ron, who treats his own brain as a kind of TelePrompTer, Will Ferrell does a variation on his specialty: the completely unjustified egomaniac. There are some laughs, but not enough of them. **C+** (#774, July 16) —OG

BEFORE SUNSET R, 80 mins.

In the sequel to Richard Linklater's 1995 romance, Jesse (Ethan Hawke) and Celine (Julie Delpy) meet up again. The last scene is as blissful as anything in a movie this year. **A** (#773, July 9) —OG

A CINDERELLA STORY PG, 96 mins.

Hilary Duff stars in a contemporary take on the old tale. When not bland and indistinguishable from undistinguished teen TV, the film is unnecessarily coarse and dumbed down. **C-** (#775, July 23) —LS

THE CLEARING R, 91 mins.

Robert Redford plays a kidnapped businessman in a pen-sive, performance-driven drama devoid of special effects and noise. **B-** (#773, July 9) —LS

DE-LOVELY PG-13, 124 mins.

Kevin Kline makes Cole Porter a playful sweet-and-sour sophisticate. We can accept this tidy version of Porter's life because the songs so fully express his spirit. **B+** (#773, July 9) —OG

THE DOOR IN THE FLOOR R, 111 mins.

The most robust and compelling movie ever spun off from the work of John Irving. As Ted Cole, a famous author-illustrator of children's books, Jeff Bridges knows how to play a haunted, hard-drinking local literary star so that you see the slightly debauched arrogance of his charm yet like him a lot anyway. **B+** (#775, July 23) —OG

FAHRENHEIT 9/11 R, 116 mins.

Michael Moore's film is highly resonant Bush-bashing, since the President does most of the work for it. **B+** (#773, July 9) —OG

I, ROBOT PG-13, 115 mins.

Del Spooner (Will Smith), a detective in 2035, suspects a robot of murder. As the voice of Sonny the polysynthetic droid, Alan Tudyk sounds like the love child of 2001's HAL and Julie Andrews. He's (mildly) charming, but the movie lacks imaginative excitement. **B-** (#775, July 23) —OG

KING ARTHUR PG-13, 126 mins.

Claims to be the real story. Is actually the old story of a mid-dling, ersatz historical epic. **B-** (#774, July 16) —LS

MARIA FULL OF GRACE R, 101 mins.

The extraordinary Spanish-language drama about a pregnant Colombian teen transporting drugs to New York in her gut unfolds with a simplicity as breathtaking as its inevitability is harrowing. Catalina Sandino Moreno plays the title role with tenacious dignity. **A** (#775, July 23) —LS

METALLICA: SOME KIND OF MONSTER Unrated, 140 mins.

In 2001, the members of Metallica let Joe Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky film them recording an album. The result is one of the most revelatory rock portraits ever made. **A** (#774, July 16) —OG

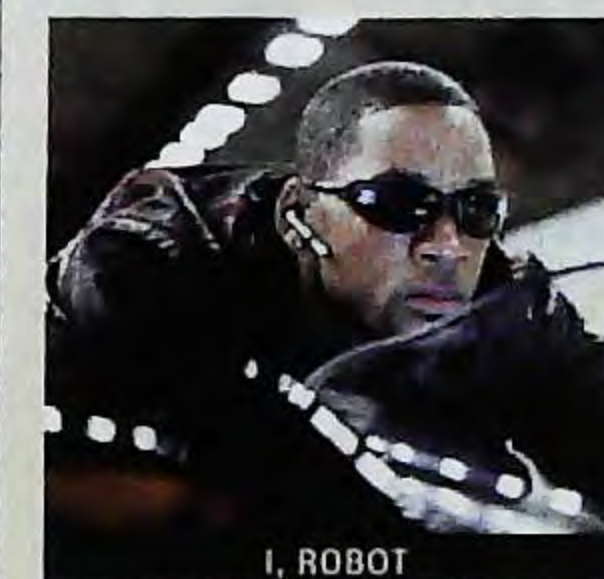
SLEEPOVER PG, 90 mins.

On a scavenger hunt, a pack of teens brand-drop their way through a consequence-free environment. **F** (#774, July 16) —Scott Brown

SPIDER-MAN 2 PG-13, 127 mins.

A triumphant sequel that may be the first great comic-book movie in the age of self-help and CGI wizardry: Both the thrills and the therapeutic personal growth are well earned. **A** (#773, July 9) —LS

Box Office



I, NO. 1

Will Smith exclaims, "Oh, hell no!" in *I, Robot*, but audiences said, "Oh, hell yes!" when his latest sci-fi action thriller opened in first place last weekend, earning \$52.2 million—Smith's best debut ever. Viewers said, "Oh, hell maybe!" to Hilary Duff's fairy-tale update, *A Cinderella Story* (No. 4), which grossed a decent \$13.6 million. *The Notebook* (No. 7) and *The Terminal* (No. 11) continued to sport long legs, earning oodles after a month out. And despite all the legs it features, *Spider-Man 2* (No. 2) dropped another 45 percent, meaning it probably won't out-spin *Shrek 2* (No. 10) after all. Oh, hell.

TOP 20

		WEEKEND GROSS*	NUMBER OF SITES†	WEEKEND PER-SITE AVERAGE	PERCENTAGE CHANGE	WEEKS IN RELEASE	GROSS TO DATE
1	I, ROBOT	\$52.2	3,420	\$15,257	—	1	\$52.2
2	SPIDER-MAN 2	\$24.8	4,058	\$6,105	-45	3	\$302.3
3	ANCHORMAN	\$13.8	3,104	\$4,462	-51	2	\$57.0
4	A CINDERELLA STORY	\$13.6	2,625	\$5,190	—	1	\$13.6
5	FAHRENHEIT 9/11	\$7.2	2,004	\$3,581	-35	4	\$94.0
6	KING ARTHUR	\$7.2	3,086	\$2,321	-53	2	\$38.1
7	THE NOTEBOOK	\$5.7	2,089	\$2,705	-14	4	\$53.9
8	DODGEBALL: A TRUE...	\$3.8	1,945	\$1,961	-33	5	\$105.2
9	WHITE CHICKS	\$3.4	1,730	\$1,986	-45	4	\$63.5
10	SHREK 2	\$3.2	1,857	\$1,740	-27	9	\$425.0
11	THE TERMINAL	\$3.2	1,804	\$1,753	-36	5	\$71.2
12	HARRY POTTER...	\$2.8	1,460	\$1,889	-32	7	\$238.3
13	DE-LOVELY	\$1.5	185	\$8,073	+335	3	\$2.5
14	THE CLEARING	\$1.3	449	\$2,883	+12	3	\$3.7
15	SLEEPOVER	\$1.2	2,207	\$530	-72	2	\$8.1
16	GARFIELD	\$1.1	1,028	\$1,029	-44	6	\$70.5
17	NAPOLEON DYNAMITE	\$0.8	179	\$4,193	+35	6	\$4.2
18	THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW	\$0.6	487	\$1,267	-43	8	\$183.3
19	BEFORE SUNSET	\$0.6	123	\$4,726	+20	3	\$1.7
20	TWO BROTHERS	\$0.5	562	\$975	-56	4	\$17.2

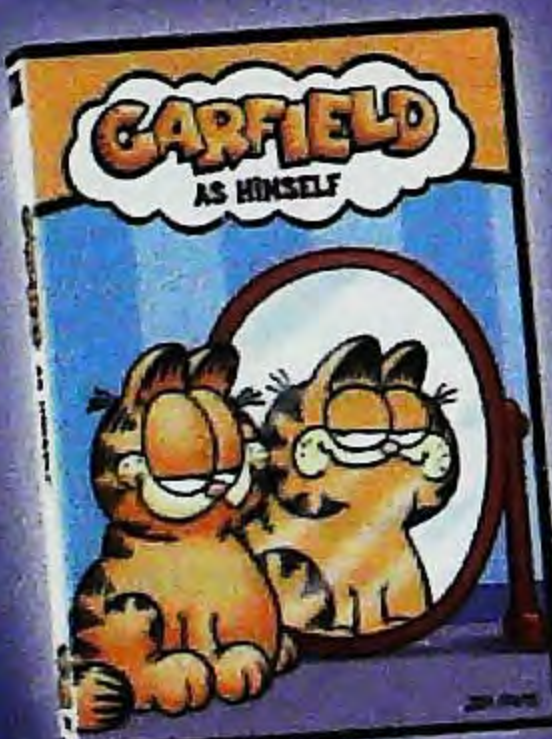
SOURCE: NIELSEN EDI WEEKEND OF JULY 16-18. *WEEKEND-GROSS AND GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS. †INCLUDES SOME MULTISCREEN THEATERS AND PRINTS SHIPPED AS WELL AS INDIVIDUAL SITES

SHARON STONE Top Grossers

		OPENING WEEKEND*	NUMBER OF SITES†	DOMESTIC GROSS
6/1/90	TOTAL RECALL	\$25.5	2,060	\$119.4
3/20/92	BASIC INSTINCT	\$15.1	1,567	\$117.7
10/7/94	THE SPECIALIST	\$14.3	2,522	\$57.3
6/18/93	LAST ACTION HERO	\$15.3	2,306	\$50.0
11/22/95	CASINO	\$9.9	1,616	\$42.5
2/13/98	SPHERE	\$14.4	2,814	\$37.0
5/21/93	SLIVER	\$12.1	2,093	\$36.3
9/19/03	COLD CREEK MANOR	\$8.2	2,035	\$21.4
1/21/94	INTERSECTION	\$7.2	1,300	\$21.4
4/8/88	ABOVE THE LAW	\$2.0	350	\$18.8

SOURCE: EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO., INC. *OPENING-WEEKEND AND DOMESTIC-GROSS FIGURES IN MILLIONS

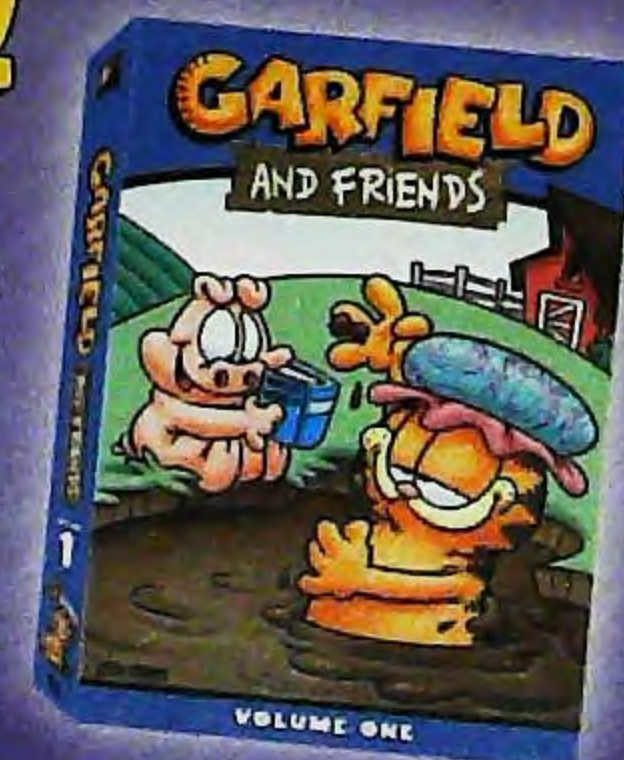
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Hellboy fights evil...and a wicked migraine!

Better Off Red

Move over, Spidey. There's another crimson comic-book big-screen star in town. by Dalton Ross

HELLBOY

Ron Perlman, Selma Blair
PG-13, 122 mins., 2004
(Columbia TriStar)

There's been a lot of talk lately about *Spider-Man 2* and whether it's the best comic-book movie ever made. Many were

enamored of the film's ability to play Peter Parker's interior moments as extensively as his alter ego's action sequences. But for those of you who grew tired of sitting through his endless pity-me-because-I'm-a-reluctant-superhero speeches, might I suggest another quirky charac-

ter decked out in red: Hellboy. The star of Mike Mignola's graphic novels and Guillermo del Toro's film adaptation just wants to kick evil's ass and fire off a few snappy one-liners while he's at it. Sure, the movie's plot—which features the do-gooding demon battling baddie Rasputin—isn't gonna set a new standard for screenwriting, but *Hellboy* never loses sight of what it's there to do—make 15-year-old boys jump out of their seats and yell “Cool!” (or “Rad!” or whatever 15-year-old boys yell these days).

Although aspects of the characters have changed from the small pages to the big screen, much care was taken with *Hellboy* to

remain true to the main mood and message of the comic—a fact reinforced throughout the bonus materials. Included in the two-disc set are DVD comics that can be viewed at various points throughout the movie, Hellboy's favorite cartoons (such as 1950 Oscar winner *Gerald McBoing-Boing*), and an insanely comprehensive documentary that traces the process from inception all the way through the premiere. At two hours and 22 minutes, the doc is longer than the actual film itself! Now, that's cool. Or rad. Or whatever... **B+**

GREENDALE

Eric Johnson, Sarah White, Ben Keith

Unrated, 83 mins., 2004
(Sanctuary Records)

All hail Neil Young for looking like the old guy who never leaves his barstool but still manages to be a rock star/genius/legend. Yet while the grunge aesthetic can work in the music world, it's not so easy to pull off in a visual medium. Essentially a collection of music videos supporting Young's con-



Shooting star: Director Young

cept album of the same name, *Greendale* is a parable about a small fictional town (and, by extension, Earth) beset by the modern age. Because the message is trenchant and everyone's heart is in the right place, the film is winning on a certain level. But the nonactors and community-theater production values threaten to run the whole thing aground. There is such a thing as

cutting off your budget to spite your film. **EXTRAS** A family tree of the Greendale world, concert footage, and a making-of doc that fuels both admiration for the project and a wish for a higher-fi approach. **B-** —Kirven Blount

V: THE COMPLETE SERIES

Marc Singer, Faye Grant
Unrated, 14 hrs., 57 mins., 1984–85 (Warner)

Admit it. You were freaked out in the miniseries *V* when that alien's human skin first got ripped off, revealing

scaly lizard-like flesh. And admit it, you mildly spazzed when that hybrid baby popped out and showed off her nifty lizard tongue in *V: The Final Battle*. And admit it, as much as you wanted to love *V*, the TV series that followed these two installments, it was just too damn hard. Don't get me wrong, there's plenty to enjoy about the series: Marc Singer's overacting as resistance leader Mike Donovan, for one thing, is borderline epic, and you can't help but giggle when the supposed Starchild (Jennifer Cooke) tells her human boyfriend, “Your Earth love is



The alien and Starchild face off

good.” I don't think we're supposed to laugh at that, but then again, we're probably not supposed to laugh at the *Dynasty*-

like duel between diva Visitors Diana and Lydia, or the endless assault of nonsensical plot twists, either. **EXTRAS** None. **C+** —DR

DVD ROAD TEST

'Showgirls' V.I.P. Edition

There are two kinds of people: those who get *Showgirls* and know that the “Pin the Pasties on the Showgirl!” game that accompanies the V.I.P. Edition (NC-17, 131 mins., 1995, MGM) should have been “Pin the Plastic Ice Cubes on the Showgirl,” and those who don't (director Paul Verhoeven, who, judging by his lack of participation in this fittingly camp celebration, still believes that he made a movie about the price of fame and self-discovery). We had a few other revelations while road testing this must-have boxed set. The first? Expensing champagne doesn't suck. —Mandi Bierly



Hey, buddy. The article's interesting too.

BOOZE DOES LOWER INHIBITIONS I'm not saying that by shunning MGM's suggestion to use “plenty of your favorite NON-ALCOHOLIC beverage” in your V.I.P. Edition shot glasses, you'll find yourself playing the “Sip or Strip” drinking game in the buff. I'm saying that after sipping every time someone says “darlin'” (we counted 21) and every time Henrietta “Mama” Bazoom drops her top (we counted eight), you may find yourself publicly IDing the actor who plays rocker Andrew Carver as “from *Dr. Quinn, Medicine Woman*.” Friends don't let friends forget that. Especially when they're taking notes.

“BAD” MOVIES NEED THIRD-PARTY COMMENTARIES MGM hit the jackpot with writer David Schmdar, famous for hosting “anno-

tated” *Showgirls* screenings in Seattle. He knows precisely why this movie is sublime: “*Showgirls* triumphs in that every single person involved in the making of the film is making the worst possible decision at every possible time.” He says exactly what you're thinking when Nomi (Elizabeth Berkley, left) is having sex in the pool: “Get her some insulin!” And he almost follows the plot: “Her life in tatters, her best friend raped, Nomi realizes what must be done: her nails. But these are very special revenge nails.”

“IF YOU LEARN HOW TO DO A GOOD LAP DANCE, ANYTHING YOU WANT CAN COME TRUE” That mantra comes from Heather, one of two “exotic” dancers who offer commentary on a Cheetah Club scene. Verdict: Berkley keeps good eye contact

with the audience, but dances too fast and should not have gone off script and licked that pole. They also give a comparatively tame 10-step lap dance tutorial. Sage tips: “You tease him—don't let him touch,” “We wear long gowns to feel elegant,” and “Your partner will find it sexy if you spank yourself.”

IT COULD HAVE BEEN EVEN WORSE (OR DO WE MEAN BETTER?) According to the Trivia Track, Verhoeven offered to give Kyle MacLachlan a “digital erection.” The actor wisely declined. **A**



Pooch Pick of the Week



'SOCCER DOG: EUROPEAN CUP'

This heartwarming tale stars Kimble, an incredible four-legged soccer star/reuniter of estranged family members. Complete with blooper reel showcasing our hero's bones and blunders. Woof!

WE'RE DYIN' FOR...



CHICAGO TO NEW YORK. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur (*The Front Page*) niftily adapted their play for the screen and it justly made a star of Lombard, every bit Barrymore's match in grand passions and comic timing. But a source at Columbia TriStar says there are currently no plans to issue the film on DVD. So who knows when we'll have the pleasure of seeing the wild glint in Jaffe's eye as he describes Garland dressed as Mary Magdalene "covered in emeralds...and nothing else!" —Edward Karam

TWENTIETH CENTURY After playing doomed heroes in *Grand Hotel* and *Dinner at Eight*, John Barrymore must have been eager to lighten up. In the 1934 screwball comedy *Twentieth Century*, he cuts loose hilariously as Oscar Jaffe, a self-dramatizing theater impresario seeking salvation in his ex-lover and alter egomaniac, Lily Garland (Carole Lombard), as they ride the Twentieth Century Limited, the chichi choo-choo that once chugged from

NOWHERE MAN Is there a conspiracy to keep one of the best '90s sci-fi thrillers from being released on DVD? The show, which lasted just one season on UPN (1995-96), had enough apprehension to fuel five seasons of *The X-Files*. For those who don't remember (or perhaps your memory's been erased), *Nowhere* followed the travails of photojournalist Thomas Vell (Bruce Greenwood, straitjacketed below), who discovers one evening that his identity has been obliterated. His wife doesn't recognize him, his ATM card won't work, and he's being pursued by a mysterious organization desperate for a photo negative. But even creator Lawrence Hertzog can't assure us that *Nowhere Man* will be rescued from oblivion. He says despite pleas from die-hard "Nowheremeniacs," there are no plans for a DVD. Anyway, he thinks the show still would be underappreciated: "I'm not sure if it were on now that everyone watching *American Idol* would say, 'Wow, right after this comes *Nowhere Man*!'" But they should. —David Koeppel



Am I losing my mind?



I wanna be your sledgehammer

SLEDGE HAMMER!

Season One

David Rasche, Harrison Page, Anne-Marie Martin
Unrated, 8 hrs., 54 mins., 1986-87, Anchor Bay

This is the funniest show in TV history. At least, that's what I thought when it premiered in 1986 and I was 8 years old. Looking at it anew today, as a short-lived but long-adored cult sitcom—okay, it might not be the acme of the art form after all. But *Sledge* still feels simultaneously ahead of its time (lots of dead bodies!) and reassuringly rooted in the Reagan 1980s. And Rasche is walking silly genius as the gun-crazy Detective Hammer, the love child Inspector Clouseau and Dirty Harry might've begotten, a grimacing cop who takes out a rooftop sniper by blowing up the whole building with a bazooka. He's still tops, even if some of the gags would definitely be funnier if you were 8. **EXTRAS** Tons. Eye-rollingly obtrusive laugh tracks are stripped from those episodes. But best of all might be creator Alan Spencer's commentary, apparently recorded during an earthquake, over the go-for-broke season finale ("You're watching a TV show melt

down, basically"), which ended cheerfully—with Sledge accidentally wreaking nuclear holocaust. **B+** —Gregory Kirschling

MILLENNIUM

The Complete First Season

Lance Henriksen, Terry O'Quinn
Unrated, 15 hrs., 46 mins., 1996-97 (Fox)

Back in 1996 *X-Files* creator Chris Carter had some serious Y2K issues. How else to explain his series following retired FBI profiler Frank Black (Henriksen, below), who moves with his wife and daughter to Seattle and joins the Millennium Group, a shadowy consortium of former law enforcement personnel? Using an innate ability to "see" into the minds of the men he hunts, Black strives for nothing less than to prevent "anarchy loosed upon the world." Cheery stuff. Despite the unapologetic bleakness of the material and a serial-murderer-of-the-week format, it's the haunting turn by craggy-faced Henriksen that's the real killer. **EXTRAS** Carter and regular director David Nutter offer little illumination on the commentaries. Far more intriguing—and frightening—is the minidoc "Chasing the Dragon," about the real-life profiler squad on which the show is based. **B+** —Paul S. Katz



I'm thinking of a number between 1 and 10...

The Charts



THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT

WINGED VICTORY

Ashton Kutcher's pulchritudinous turn in time bending flew to the top of both sales and rentals, displacing Tom Cruise's smoldering *Samurai* from the charts. Yet Demi Moore's *beau beau* was by no means alone in attractiveness as this week's top 10s presented a venerable legion of lovelies—with Nicole Kidman, Johnny Depp, Scarlett Johansson, and Cartman rounding out the list. Is it getting hot in here?

TOP 10 DVD SALES

	LAST WEEK		BOX OFFICE GROSS TO DATE*	WEEKS ON CHART	EW GRADE
1	—	THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT	\$57.8	1	C-
2	1	GOLD MOUNTAIN	\$95.6	2	A-
3	3	BAD SANTA—UNRATED (WIDE)	\$60.1	3	D+
4	2	BARBERSHOP 2: BACK IN BUSINESS	\$65.1	2	B+
5	4	SECRET WINDOW	\$47.8	3	B
6	5	50 FIRST DATES (WIDE)	\$120.8	4	C-
7	6	LOTR: THE RETURN OF THE KING (WIDE)	\$377.0	7	A-
8	10	CHAPPELLE'S SHOW: SEASON ONE	—	20	A-
9	9	THE SIMPSONS: FOURTH SEASON	—	4	A
10	7	SOUTH PARK: FOURTH SEASON	—	2	A-

TOP 10 TAPE RENTALS

	LAST WEEK		VIDEO GROSS TO DATE*	BOX OFFICE GROSS TO DATE*	WEEKS ON CHART	EW GRADE
1	—	THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT	\$1.8	\$57.8	1	C-
2	1	GOLD MOUNTAIN	\$3.2	\$95.6	2	A-
3	2	50 FIRST DATES	\$6.8	\$120.8	4	C-
4	3	SECRET WINDOW	\$4.2	\$47.8	3	B
5	5	MYSTIC RIVER	\$7.4	\$90.1	5	B
6	4	BARBERSHOP 2: BACK IN BUSINESS	\$2.0	\$65.1	2	B+
7	7	ALONG CAME POLLY	\$5.3	\$87.9	5	B-
8	6	BAD SANTA	\$2.8	\$60.1	3	D+
9	8	MONSTER	\$5.1	\$34.5	6	B
10	9	THE PERFECT SCORE	\$0.7	\$10.4	2	D+

SOURCES: VIDEO BUSINESS/RENTAL FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 11, 2004; NIELSEN EDI *IN MILLIONS

NOW IN STORES

BOOMTOWN: SEASON 1 (Unrated, 13 hrs., 30 mins., 2002-03, Lions Gate) With its whirlwind *Rashomon* style, the gritty crime drama sees all—from the P.O.V.s of law enforcement, victims, the media, criminals, and even Donnie Wahlberg.

GRACE KELLY (Unrated, 50 mins., 1995, Wellspring) Lifetime's doc gazes longingly at the life of Her Serene Highness of Monaco—formerly Hitchcock's beloved blonde—through newsreels, home movies, and photographs.

THE KENNEDY MYSTIQUE: CREATING CAMELOT; THE YOUNG KENNEDY WOMEN (Unrated, 60/50 mins., 2004/1996, Wellspring) Interviews with White House staffers, biographers, and historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., plus photos and home movies, help demystify the legend of the fascinating First Family.

SEASIDE (Unrated, 88 mins., 2002, First Run) Invoking the sweeping visuals of Edward Hopper and the cheerless austerity of Anton Chekhov, director Julie Lopes-Curval's Cannes fave depicts a year in a small French coastal town.

THUNDERBIRDS INTERNATIONAL RESCUE EDITION (Unrated/G, 94/89 mins., 1966/1968, MGM) With the upcoming Bill Paxton live-action remake nearing liftoff, the adventures of the original marionette millionaire-cum-astronaut arrive in this special set, featuring both *Thunderbirds Are Go* and *Thunderbird 6*, plus model spaceships and making-of-the-dolls docs.

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+Television

Politics As Unusual

Crossballs whiffs on spoofing the unintentionally self-parodic **Hardball** and **Crossfire**. by Ken Tucker

CROSSBALLS Tues.-Thurs., 7:30 p.m. (Comedy Central)

HARDBALL Mon.-Fri., 7 p.m. (MSNBC)

CROSSFIRE Mon.-Fri., 4:30 p.m. (CNN)

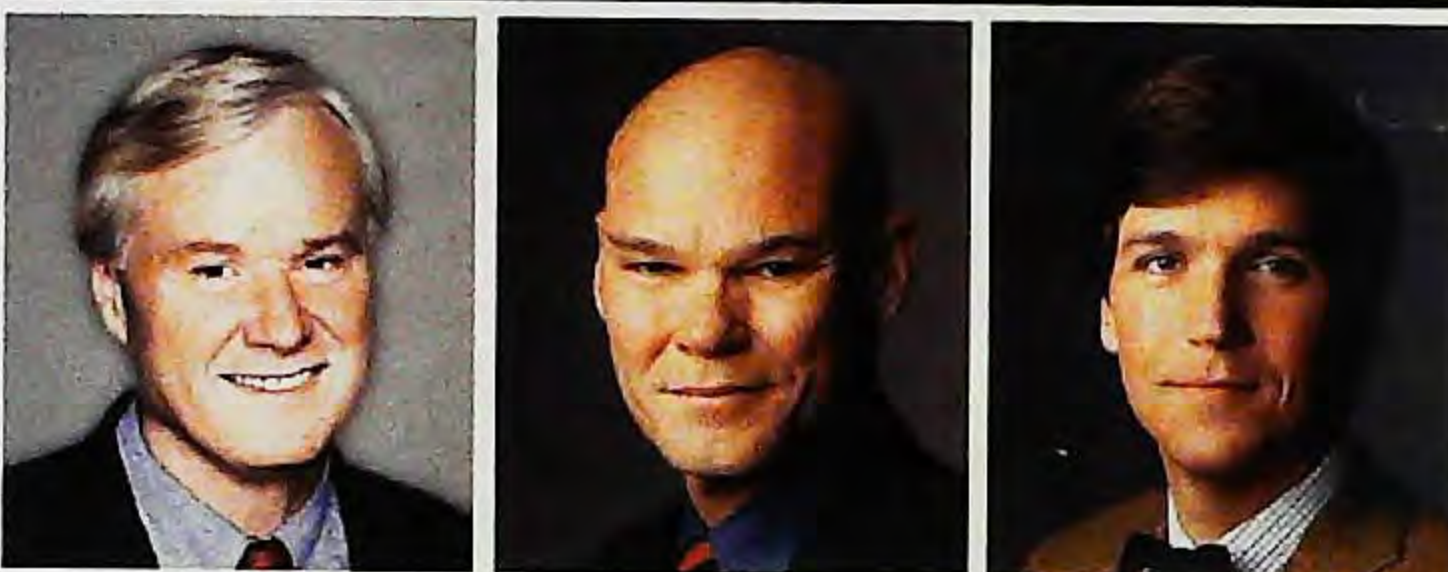
Comedy Central has been showing such unerring instincts in showcasing smart people in smart contexts—*Reno 911!*, a *COPS* parody rife with sociology; Dave Chappelle making the most audacious critiques of race and class since Richard Pryor—that it's a surprise when the channel blows a good opportunity. It had one with *Crossballs*, the recently premiered half hour that spoofs exactly what its title suggests: CNN's *Crossfire* and MSNBC's *Hardball With Chris Matthews*. These political reviews are really political revues. That is, they make showbizzy blood sport out of the day's headlines, believing that

they'll get viewers' attention if they yell one-liners—or just yell—at their in-studio opponents and the poor sods at home.

Unfortunately, *Crossballs* doesn't swipe at what's most ripe for ridicule in these shows—their pointless clinging to the fraying labels of “liberalism” (now most often wishy-washy centrism) and “conservatism” (which has taken a radically hard-right turn). Instead, *Crossballs* does something that's just unfunny and confusing. It injects reality TV foolishness into its concept. A comic actor such as Matt Besser, an otherwise adroit member of the ferocious comedy troupe the Upright Citizens Brigade, coarsens his usual approach, promoting, in one episode, the notion that “a sober teen is a dangerous teen” because the kid will have his mischievous wits about him. Better, this character contends, the teenager be stoned and para-



Crossballs' Besser channels (below, from left) *Hardball*'s Matthews and *Crossfire*'s Carville and Carlson



noid so he gets busted and is kept in line. Get it? This and other characters Besser plays are pitted, the show asserts, against unwitting civilians who think *Crossballs* is an actual debate show. Mixing real people with comics, and having the proceedings led by a fatuous host played by Chris Tallman (who's appeared in funnier bits on *Reno 911!*), results in few laughs.

At least one of the shows that *Crossballs* satirizes is aware of its ridiculousness. Matthews' yelling, yammering, leather-lung lug persona has been imitated so uncannily by *Saturday Night Live*'s Darrell Hammond that the

Hardball host has dialed it down in recent months. Relishing his *SNL* notoriety but also smart enough to know he'd become his own caricature, Matthews is currently engaging in some good, feisty debates with a wide range of guests. Election years bring out the best in Matthews, a former House aide and speechwriter who's talented at explicating the motives of old-school politicians. He still does lame things like repeating the Howard Dean-screaming clip for the 4,000th time, but, like the good Catholic-school debater he was reared as, he also points out any illogic in anyone's point of view.

Crossfire could use a good *SNL* spoof. It's bogged down by the self-importance of its rotating hosts—James Carville and Paul Begala “on the left,” Tucker Carlson and Robert Novak “on the right.” They hype their own segments, leading off the broadcast with “the best political briefing in television,” which is actually an embarrassingly cursory trot through the day's headlines. Begala and Novak are both hopeless, utterly predictable not just in their opinions but in the maudering way they deliver them. Carville is a pistol, but too often on *Crossfire*, he plays to the crowd at George Washington University, where the show is taped. He's all applause-begging bluster, scowling and scoffing before his opponent completes a sentence. His drawling sneer is a tired act.

Carlson, however, is a different matter. He's a real creep. On the July 5 edition, he insinuated that John Edwards made his name as a trial lawyer by “specializing in Jacuzzi cases.” This was an allusion to the horrific disembowelment of a young girl who'd been sucked into an open swimming-pool drain. When informed of the facts behind his cruel phrasing, he snapped, “Oh, I know. I've heard that,” and then pressed the point that Edwards took money for getting the girl a \$25 million settlement. Carlson is a quicker debater than any of the *Crossfire* hosts, and he's a good-looking twerp. But he's got cold, dead eyes that seem to match his heart. He's a prime example of the Triumph of the Telegenic. Recently rewarded with his own show on the now-utterly-soulless PBS, Carlson can spew his bile all over the tube. It's gonna take more than a tepid parody show like *Crossballs* to cut a putrid pundit like him down to size. *Crossballs*: **C-** *Hardball*. **B** *Crossfire*. **C-**



Killing Jokes

Comedian Patton Oswalt has some funny feelings about NBC's *Last Comic Standing*

To watch NBC's reality comedy contest *Last Comic Standing* with a comedian is to get the ultimate insider's view: It's like watching *Survivor* with Gilligan. EW sat down for the July 13 episode at the L.A. house of *The King of Queens*' Patton Oswalt, 35, who just released

his first stand-up CD, *Feelin' Kinda Patton*. Full disclosure: *Comic* was marked on Oswalt's TiVo with three thumbs down. “After I saw the first show, it was ‘Die, motherf---er!’” he says. But America has given the show's second season three thumbs up: It averages 8.9 mil-

lion viewers and just landed a last-minute slot on NBC's fall schedule. Given its success, EW asked Oswalt for a little *Comic* relief. —Josh Wolk

1 min., 27 sec. A recap of Ant's losing airline routine. “This bit was a crawl over broken glass,” says Oswalt. Still, he recognizes the dangers of *Comic* losing its main source of conflict. “You wouldn't watch a comedy called *The Even Couple*,” he says. “Let's order pizza.” “You read my mind!”

15:48 The comics fight for immunity by entertaining kids. “This is anticomedey!” roars Oswalt. “Why do [producers] think comedians want to look like desperate, dancing monkeys?”

38:09 The camera pans over the just-happy-to-be-on-TV voting audience. Oswalt scoffs, “Okay, drunk tourists—let's decide the future of comedy!”

50:04 Oswalt correctly predicts that telegenic Gary Gulman will beat troll-like Jay London. “From a looking-for-a-sitcom-star point of view,” he says, “it's like Gary pulled a sword out of the stone before the show even started.”

ASK THE CRITIC Ken Tucker

Box Populi

I've always heard that episodic shows like *Law & Order* and *CSI* lend themselves better to syndication than serialized shows like *Alias* and *24*, and that this contributes to the proliferation of such shows on the networks. I'm wondering if the popularity of TV shows on DVD might lead to a reversal of this trend. —Grace Lee Grace, you've hit on a trend I sure do notice. My friends rent or buy whole seasons of anything from *The Sopranos* to *Party of Five* on DVD and watch their ongoing plots unfold in marathon couch sessions. The profits from DVD sales have already resulted in the revival of *Family Guy* and may soon extend to serialized dramas (the upcoming transformation of the witty *Farscape* into a miniseries is also a good example). This can only make for livelier television.

SEND QUESTIONS TO ASKTHECRITIC@EW.COM, OR POST THEM ONLINE AT EW.COM/ASKTHECRITIC



Five's Neve Campbell



Winner of the Week

MARIEL HEMINGWAY

Ernest's sexy scion has some seriously sharp cheekbones to fill: The actress will play California's first lady Maria Shriver in *See Arnold Run*, A&E's upcoming Schwarzenegger biopic.

By now, you know that the two Tonys—Kushner and Soprano—were kings of the Primetime Emmy nominations, with the playwright's sweeping *Angels in America* miniseries snagging 21 nods and the actor's *Sopranos* nabbing 20. This year also brought some (rare) surprises and (typical) disappointments. A few more Emmy thoughts to ponder:

Best Nomination Sorry, Brad Garrett, Peter Boyle, Sean Hayes, and wonderful David Hyde Pierce: This is Jeffrey Tambor's year. *Arrested Development* deserves to win as best comedy, and the magnificently droll Tambor is by far the most Outstanding Supporting Actor in a Comedy Series.

Worst Nomination Four—not one, four—for HBO's *Tracey Ullman in the Trailer Tales*? Do you know anyone outside of Hollywood or New York City who watched that bit of strenuous self-indulgence? **Biggest Surprise** Unusually sharp voters singled out *Deadwood*'s standout, Robin Weigert. Like most of the show's performances, her portrayal of dirty-mouthed Calamity Jane got even better as the series proceeded.

Biggest Omissions No Emmy love for the leads of *The Wire*! *The O.C.*! *Nip/Tuck*! *Gilmore Girls*! And wouldn't you know it, this was the first season I enjoyed *The Shield*, and it got shut out!

Sentimental Favorite John Ritter's nomination for ABC's *8 Simple Rules* is doubtlessly Hollywood's gesture of affection for the late actor. Certainly his final sitcom doesn't merit inclusion with other nominees. But Ritter's performance does—he was at once goofier and more understated than he was in *Three's Company*, a looser, more confident performer, utterly at ease playing a dad who doesn't care that his kids think he's a square.

Emmy Voters Get It ABC may have abruptly canceled Bonnie Hunt's just-finding-its-footing sitcom *Life With Bonnie*, but voters noticed and rewarded her persistent pluck (four sitcoms and counting...). Okay, *Maybe They Don't* The Academy also gave Whoopi Gold-

SPOTLIGHT ON THE EMMY NOMS



Clockwise from above: *Angels*; *Development*; *Arcadia*; *Rules*



Prize Patrol

Ken Tucker delves into Emmy's mysterious (Whoopi, Sharon Stone) and mystic (*Joan of Arcadia*, *Angels in America*) choices

long-ignored WB, which this year earned a paltry two nods. **Gotta Hate David E. Kelley** On the one hand, he got Sharon Stone nominated by writing a typically overwrought performance for Miss Basic Instinct in *The Practice*. **Gotta Love David E. Kelley** On the other hand, he gave James Spader and William Shatner chances to do some flamboyantly eloquent weirdness that the Academy has noted with noms. **Gotta Love God** I predict that Amber Tamblyn will win for best actress—Emmy voters love to reward wholesome, smart, young newcomers with a showbiz pedigree (she's the offspring of Russ Tamblyn). And if voters didn't buy Tony Soprano turning into a huggy bear at the end of this season's *Sopranos*, *Joan of Arcadia* will win best drama, too. I'm not sure why I'm so confirmed in this faith—I think I heard a voice tell me so...

berg's atrocious self-titled sitcom a nod for Outstanding Art Direction for a Multi-Camera Series. This sister's act is tired. **Long Live Adriana Drea** de Matteo's *Sopranos* nomination puts her on nearly equal footing with her new pal Joey, the also-nominated Matt LeBlanc.

Maybe It's Time to Stop Shaking Hands With the Audience and Start Telling Fewer, Better Jokes Jay Leno's *Tonight Show* was shut out of the best-writing and best-variety-show categories, for which David Letterman's, Conan O'Brien's, and Jon Stewart's were nominated. **Aye, Spy** Here's why I think *Alias*' Jennifer Garner and Victor Garber got Emmy nods again, when even show creator J.J. Abrams admits this season wasn't its best. Voters finally decided that they'd really been ignoring unconventional genre shows like *Buffy* and *Angel* for too long, and the *Alias* stars have other legit credits (Garber comes from the theatah; after 13 *Going on 30* and *Daredevil*, Garner is a proven box office draw) that make them more palatable to the Academy. That and the fact the series doesn't air on the

LANE ATTRACTION



Durance, *Smallville*'s new Lois Lane

In the world of The WB's *Smallville*, there's only one thing more threatening to young Superman than kryptonite: creative lethargy. But have no fear—Lois Lane is here! Played by Canadian newcomer Erica Durance, Superman's future lady love arrives in *Smallville* during the Sept. 22 season premiere as a sassy college frosh, investigating the apparent death of cousin Chloe (Allison Mack). "It's the mythic jolt we needed," says executive producer Alfred Gough, citing a need to spice things up between

Clark Kent (Tom Welling) and Lana Lang (Kristin Kreuk). "[The couple] went from *I hope they get together* to *Sweet God, enough already!*" While Superman's movie overlords (that is, Warner Bros.) have forbidden romance from taking flight during Lois' 13-episode stint, there will be some intimate encounters: Her meet-cute with Clark finds the teen of steel in his birthday suit. "Hello!" says Durance, 26, who despite inexperience has fan-girl cred. "I read a lot of comics growing up," she says. "My mom used to say, 'Would you please read a book?' She was worried where I was going in my life." —Jeff Jensen

Sound Bites



"Tony Danza has his own talk show now.... It's my fault; I lowered the standard."
DAVID LETTERMAN ON LATE SHOW

"It's *Die Hard* at Disneyland. What's not to love?" HOLLYWOOD AGENT ARI (JEREMY PIVEN), DISCUSSING A SCRIPT WITH ERIC (KEVIN CONNOLLY), ON HBO'S *ENTOURAGE*

"I killed a man down South once." PERENNIAL CHAMP KEN JENNINGS, MAKING UP A FRESH FACT ABOUT HIMSELF, ON *JEOPARDY!*

"I think they're going to be nice enough. A little ditzy, maybe. I wouldn't be opposed to making out with either of them." FARMER'S SON SKY, ABOUT PARIS AND NICOLE, ON *THE SIMPLE LIFE 2*



"Ever since John Kerry named John Edwards as his running mate, a 34-year-old Indiana bail bondsman named Kerry Edwards has received offers as high as \$30,000 for his website, *kerryedwards.com*. Interestingly, Texarkana used-car dealer Nader Camejo has gotten nary a call." DENNIS MILLER ON CNBC'S *DENNIS MILLER*

The Ratings



20/20

IT'S A GOOD THING Martha, Martha, Martha! Ms. Stewart's chat with 20/20's Barbara Walters (23rd) on Friday, the day of the domestic diva's sentencing, locked up a solid 8 million viewers. The

Alphabet had mixed results with the Sunday-night debut of *The Days* (36th): The family drama failed to top repeats of CBS' movie *Dodson's Journey* (19th) and NBC's *Crossing Jordan* (22nd) in total viewers, but it did win the slot in the 18-49 demo. While CBS was again the top dog for the week, it ceded some ground on Tuesday night, as Fox's MLB All-Star Game (1st)—and its preview (7th)—scored huge to beat out the Eye's heavy-hitting *Amazing Race* (11th) and *Big Brother 5* (21st).

TOP 25

	VIEWERS*		LAST WEEK
1	14.0	BASEBALL: ALL-STAR GAME Fox, Tuesday, 8:42 p.m.	—
2	13.9	CSI (R) CBS, Thursday, 9 p.m.	1
3	13.3	CSI: MIAMI (R) CBS, Monday, 10 p.m.	2
4	12.3	WITHOUT A TRACE (R) CBS, Thursday, 10:01 p.m.	4
5	11.9	COLD CASE (R) CBS, Sunday, 8 p.m.	7
6	11.5	60 MINUTES (R) CBS, Sunday, 7 p.m.	6
7	11.2	BASEBALL: ALL-STAR GAME PREVIEW Fox, Tuesday, 8 p.m.	—
8	11.0	60 MINUTES II CBS, Wednesday, 8 p.m.	17
9	10.8	LAW & ORDER (R) NBC, Wednesday, 10 p.m.	9
	10.8	TWO AND A HALF MEN (R) CBS, Monday, 9:31 p.m.	3
11	10.5	THE AMAZING RACE 5 CBS, Tuesday, 10 p.m.	10
12	10.3	EXTREME MAKEOVER: HOME EDITION (R) ABC, Sunday, 9 p.m.	—
13	10.2	EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND (R) CBS, Monday, 9 p.m.	5
14	10.1	LAW & ORDER: SVU (R) NBC, Tuesday, 10 p.m.	8
15	9.3	NAVY NCIS (R) CBS, Tuesday, 8 p.m.	—
16	9.2	GMA MUSIC FESTIVAL CBS, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	—
	9.2	LAW & ORDER (R) NBC, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	5
18	9.0	THE SIMPLE LIFE 2 Fox, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	11
19	8.9	MOVIE: DODSON'S JOURNEY (R) CBS, Sunday, 9 p.m.	20
20	8.8	BIG BROTHER 5 CBS, Thursday, 8 p.m.	13
21	8.6	BIG BROTHER 5 CBS, Tuesday, 9 p.m.	12
22	8.3	CROSSING JORDAN (R) NBC, Sunday, 10 p.m.	—
23	8.0	20/20 ABC, Friday, 10 p.m.	31
	8.0	LAW & ORDER: CRIMINAL INTENT (R) NBC, Sunday, 9 p.m.	14
25	7.8	FEAR FACTOR (R) NBC, Monday, 8 p.m.	25

NETWORK RANKINGS

	VIEWERS*		LAST WEEK
1	8.9	CBS	1
2	6.7	NBC	2
3	6.2	FOX	4
4	5.5	ABC	3
5	2.6	UPN	5
6	2.2	THE WB	6

*IN MILLIONS **AVERAGE IN MILLIONS WEEK OF JULY 12-18, 2004

SOURCE: NIELSEN MEDIA RESEARCH

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Television

What to Watch

A day-to-day guide to notable programs.* BY ALYNDA WHEAT

MONDAY JULY 26

8-9PM

Trading Spouses (Fox, TV-PG) Swinging without the fringe benefits. You'd think Fox would know better. (R)

8-9PM*

Antiques Roadshow (PBS) The Boston leg of the tour. Hey, Beantown: Make your old junk

look nice for the appraisers. If your silver has the initials P.R. underneath, go ahead and buff that out. (R) *check local listings

9-9:30PM

Girlfriends (UPN, TV-PG-L) Joan starts to worry about her biological clock. Rule of thumb, ladies: When the tick starts pounding like the Tell-Tale Heart, then it's an issue. (R)

9-10PM **For Love or Money** (NBC, TV-PG) Or not.

SERIES DEBUT

10-10:30PM

Ultimatum (Style) Fed-up folks draw lines in the sand with their recalcitrant loved ones. Still, it seems awfully hard to back up "It's my way or the highway!" when you're on the Style Network.

9-10PM

Body Work (TLC, TV-PG) Anyone hooked on plastic-surgery TV will tell you it's not just about watching human flesh shifted around like cutlets at Nobu, it's about people—the more superficial, the better. *Body*, a reality hour set in Miami Beach, follows clinic workers clamoring for free Botox and a team of doctors (right) working on patients like Elaine, who's goaded into a schnoz shave by her equally beaky brother. Even the most sympathetic subject, breast-cancer survivor Ila, gets her eyelids done along with her breasts. If only the docs could remove vanity. **B-** —Neil Drumming



Season premiere

TUESDAY JULY 27

9-10PM

Outback Jack (TBS) When the ladies wake up and discover that Jack is gone, they must chase after him like a pack of rabid dingoes. Reality TV producers, you must stop demeaning women! Clearly, we don't need the help.

10-11PM

The Amazing Race (CBS) Poor Charla, stuck with that one shortcoming: Mirna.

10-11PM

Mythbusters (Discovery Channel, TV-PG) Why don't they tackle myths that matter? Like the idea that journalism

is glamorous and lucrative. Okay, maybe I'm the only one who fell for that.

11-11:30PM

The Daily Show With Jon Stewart (Comedy Central, TV-PG) Supplemental convention coverage for those who don't trust (read: read) actual news.



Twins? No. But we get that a lot.

7:30-10PM

Stevie (Cinemax, TV-R) In 1995, *Hoop Dreams* documentarian Steve James set out to discover what happened to the boy he Big Brothered while attending college some 10 years earlier. What he found was disconcerting: Little Stevie (pictured, right, with James) had been shuttled in and out of foster homes and arrested several times, most seriously for molesting his 8-year-old cousin. *Stevie* is a complex, heartbreaking look at the vicious patterns that result from abuse and neglect. But considering the filmmaker's feeling that he failed as Stevie's Big Brother, it's hard not to look at this project in part as expiation for not having done more to turn the kid's life around years ago. **B+** —Allyssa Lee



Natalie Portman

THE GUEST LIST

Look Who's On the Couch

DAVID LETTERMAN

Tuesday John McEnroe, Zach Braff Wednesday Bob Newhart Thursday Natalie Portman, musical guests Ambulance LTD Friday Greg Giraldo

REGIS & KELLY Monday

Adrien Brody Tuesday Carla Gugino Wednesday Sigourney Weaver Thursday Christopher Meloni, Denzel Washington Friday Brooke Burns

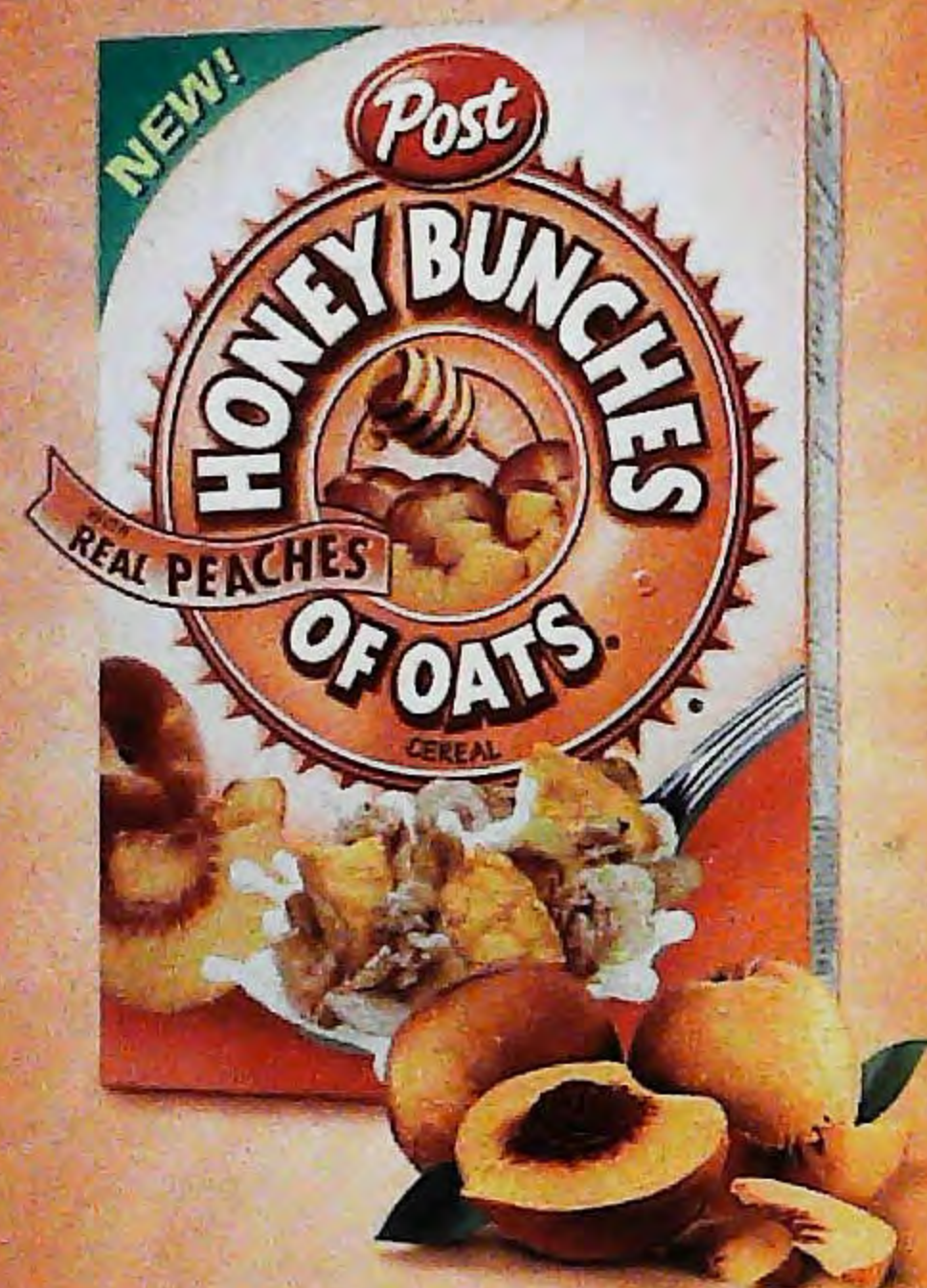
JIMMY KIMMEL Monday

Musical guests Big & Rich Wednesday Magic Johnson, musical guests New Edition Thursday John Cho and Kal Penn (Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle) Friday Ozzy Osbourne, musical guests Slipknot

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Television

WEDNESDAY JULY 28

1:30-2PM

The Bold and the Beautiful (CBS, TV-14) Mercedes and Catie from *America's Next Top Model* guest-star. Don't stress. How much damage can they do in half an hour?

SEASON FINALE
8-9PM

Next Action Star (NBC, TV-

14) Ignore for a moment that I'm still watching this, and focus on the fact that Jared cheated on his girlfriend—on television. Yet another reason it's called the idiot box.

9:30-10PM

Method & Red (Fox, TV-PG-DL) Red's ticked that Meth's into a bourgie girl. Why, Red? We're so likable—and so happy to correct your grammar.

10-11PM

Democratic National Convention (ABC, NBC, CBS) The Johns, Kerry and Edwards (right), make their love official at this quadrennial rite of political passage. Tonight, it's Edwards' turn at the podium, before Kerry is expected to accept the nomination Thursday. However you vote, it's always fun to see both parties at their best—partying.



His name is my name, too!

THURSDAY JULY 29

8-10PM

Romancing the Stone (FX, TV-PG) Along with *Trading Places*, one of the few films I have to watch every time it's on. It's okay. You can pity me.

9-10PM

Extreme Makeover (ABC, TV-PG) We're never all going to get along until we start to like ourselves. And sorry, but having 10 procedures done to one's face is not the first step on that path. (R)

9-10PM

Last Comic Standing (NBC, TV-14) Results from the first national vote are in. At long last, we begin dismantling the monstrosity piece by piece.

10-11PM

Entourage (HBO, TV-MA) The first two episodes, in case you missed them. Or make someone else watch them for you. You have people for that, right? (R)



Series debut

8-8:30PM

Blue Collar TV (The WB, TV-14-D) Larry the Cable Guy, Jeff Foxworthy, and Bill Engvall (above) go after that elusive young-male demo, bringing their shtick straight off the Blue Collar Comedy Tour and onto this sketch show. Think punchlines about Lynyrd Skynyrd and Waffle Houses, sketches about a *Bachelor*-style dating show starring a beer-guzzling hick, and lots of potty humor. Plus, you've gotta admit: Everything's a little funnier in a Southern accent.

WHAT TO WATCH

FRIDAY JULY 30

8-10PM

Evel Knlevel (TNT)

Someone missed a shift on this choppy, slow "high-octane original." George Eads (sportin' a bad feathered 'do that won't help his post-CS/ job search and killer abs that will!) stars as the motorcycle-riding forefather to the X Games with a 300-stunt résumé. We coast through his humble beginnings, his 1968 attempt to clear the fountains at Caesars Palace (real footage of the coma-inducing landing plays three times), and his failed "skycycle" ride over Idaho's Snake River Canyon. (Better luck to son Robble Knlevel, who'll jump aircraft atop the USS *Intrepid* live July 31 on TNT.) What we don't see is a reason to actually like the guy, who's shown only as a two-timing party boy who'd do anything for glory—and not in a fun way. Perhaps a *Dogtown* and *Z-Boys*-style documentary, which puts the real Knlevel's life and American-hero status in perspective, would have been the way to go. And bonus: We'd have been spared Jalme Pressly's attempt at playing his wife. **C-** —Mandi Blerly



Daredouble

7-7:30PM

The Powerpuff Girls (Cartoon Network, TV-Y7-FV) Look at 'em—flying around, all hopped up on Chemical X.

Syndicated*

Jeopardy! All hail Ken J! Ruler of the geeks! Keeper of the money! Needer of the TV-listings-writing girlfriend! *check local listings

8-8:30PM

George Lopez (ABC, TV-PG) George makes like Sir Nose D'Voidoffunk and embarrasses himself on the dance floor. (R)

8-9PM

Joan of Arcadia (CBS, TV-PG) God makes Joan join the chess club. The Big Guy likes even the dweebiast of his flock. (R)

SERIES DEBUT

9-9:30PM

O'Grady (The N, TV-G) Animated show about a place

where the seriously weird occurs and folks pretend it's normal. Fittingly, Kelly Osbourne sings the theme song.

9-10PM

The Jury (Fox, TV-PG-LV) Nice try, but Andre Braugher guest-starring won't help.

10-10:59PM

Las Vegas (NBC, TV-14) In honor of Danny and Mary's finally doing the deed, we'll spin some Marvin Gaye: *I've been really tryyyyyyyin' baby! Tryin' to hooold back this feelin' for soooo long! And if you feel like I feel, baby! Come on. Ohh! Come on. Whoo!! Let's get it on.* (R)

10-11PM

Monk (USA, TV-PG) Sharona is approached by a severely damaged man who disappears, leaving her to question her sanity. Wow, that sounds a lot like *Monk*—except he won't go away.

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SATURDAY JULY 31

8-10:59PM

The Talented Mr. Ripley (NBC, TV-14) Beware the Princeton poseurs. They don't really like jazz, are painfully awkward at parties, and tend to kill all the wrong people.

8-10PM

October Sky (ABC, TV-PG) Jake Gyllenhaal's first starring role. Is it still gross if you're lusting after an 18-year-old who's playing a high school kid?

10-11PM

Chop Socky: Cinema Hong Kong (IFC, TV-14) Interviews with Jackie Chan, John Woo, and Jet Li on martial-arts mastery. We'll think about forgiving the oversight of Hong Kong Phooey. They couldn't even throw the dog a bone?

10-11PM

Missing (Lifetime, TV-PG-LV) Doesn't it seem odd that the psychic with the spooky visions of kidnapped people is the less scary one of the pair?



Back, Madonna! Baaack.

9-11PM

Out for Blood (Sci Fi, TV-PG-LV)

The creatures in *Alien* that spurt acid for blood? Terrifying. The Ring-wraiths in *LOTR* that shriek and stalk? Scary as well. Combining the two creatures for a low-budget, unoriginal Sci Fi Channel movie?

Not so much. In this ridiculous flick, a depressed cop (*Entourage*'s Kevin Dillon) must battle wraiths who gush acid (and other lame monstrosities) after a rubbery-looking vampire gnaws on his neck. Luckily, he's able to convince his ex-wife (Vanessa Angel, above) that he hasn't really been stalking her since their divorce and enlists her crucifix-procuring ability to avoid a life of bloodsucking and dressing in tacky S&M wear. **D+** —Michelle Kung

SUNDAY AUGUST 1

2:15-4:15PM

Sands of Iwo Jima (TCM) It's John Wayne day. Start with this 1949 classic. Why should you bother? Because the man had principles. Bowlegs and principles—and he made 'em both look macho.

8-8:30PM

The Simpsons (Fox, TV-PG-LV) Milhouse moves away and tries to reinvent himself as popular, only to discover that the stench of dorkdom still clings. Ah, Milhouse. You'll get used to the smell, son. We did. (R)

8-10PM

Isaac's Storm (History Channel, TV-PG) Was weather forecaster Isaac Cline really a hero who saved lives in a 1900 Texas hurricane? Perhaps his cache of *I-totally-choked-during-the-big-storm-of-aught-aught* T-shirts might be a clue.

9-10PM

Columbus: Secrets From the Grave (Discovery Channel, TV-G) Why sully live celebs when the dead have juicy secrets, and they can't sue. Tonight historians get all up in Columbus' business and dig into his birth records.

9-10PM

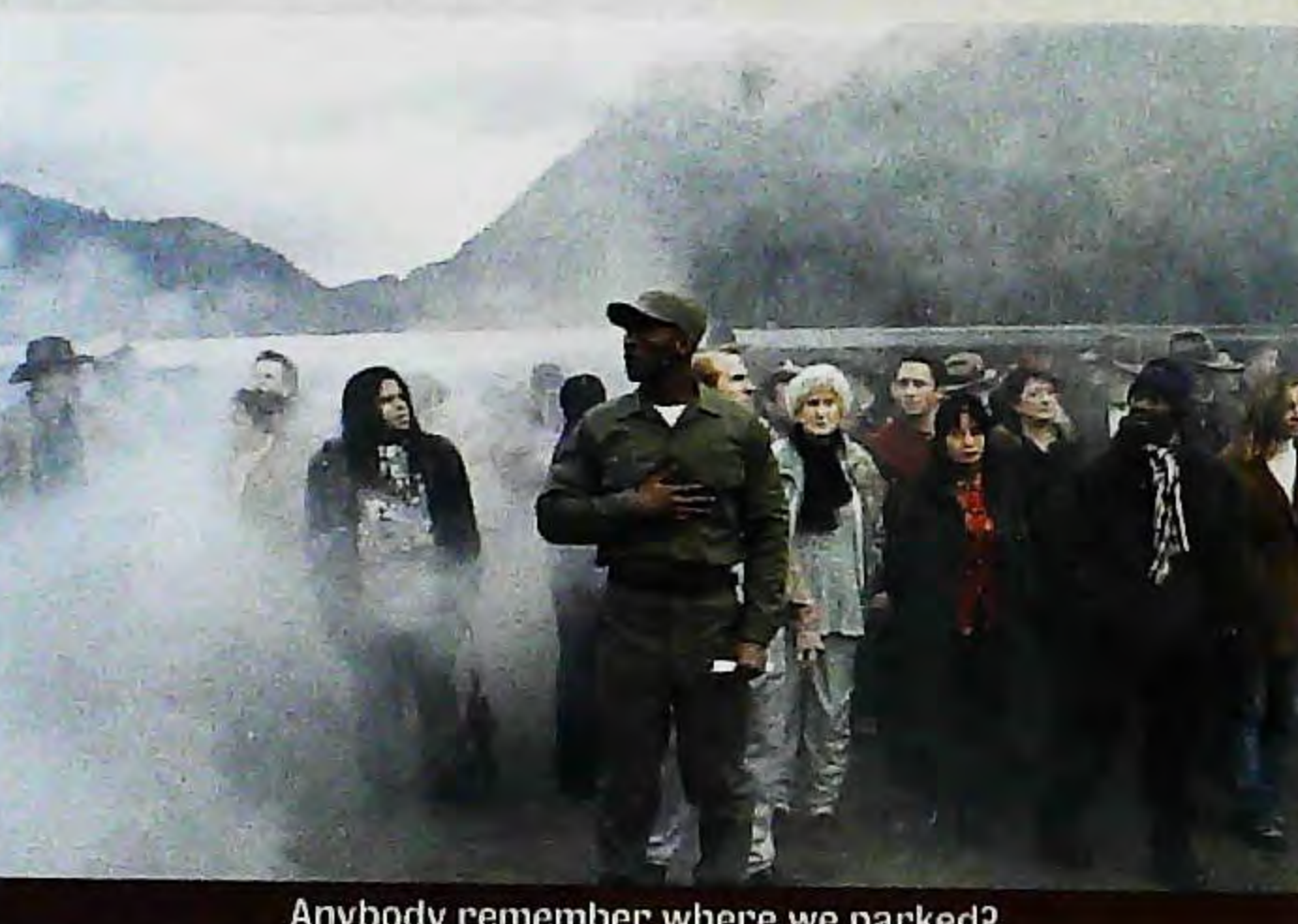
Extreme Makeover: Home Edition (ABC, TV-PG) Single mom Contessa Mendoza and her

daughter and foster kids get their home remodeled. You'll need the Kleenex. (R)

9-10PM

Fan's Guide: Walt Disney World (Travel Channel, TV-G) Props to Snow White and Cin-

derella, who spend hours directing grouchy tourists to restrooms each day. Not sure if this special about the fun-filled resort will delve into the specific burdens of costumed characters—but I'm guessing we'll hear "It's a Small World" once or twice.



Anybody remember where we parked?

9-10PM

The 4400 (USA, TV-PG) If *The X-Files* and *Melrose Place* had a love child, it'd be this soapy sci-fi series. Abduction into outer space is traumatic enough, but for the 4,400 Returnees—who've arrived back on Earth after being mysteriously sucked into the stratosphere—homecoming brings the real angst. In just three shows, *The 4400* has crammed in a fraternal love triangle, a romance between a woman (who came back to Earth pregnant) and her grandmother's boyfriend, fistfights aplenty, a serial killer, and...Peter Coyote. This penultimate episode continues the turmoil as a coma patient awakens, and Homeland Security agents Baldwin (Joel Gretsch) and Skouris (Jacqueline McKenzie) race to stop a bomb from detonating. Sure, the acting is stiff and the dialogue's a bit cheesy, but there's still the possibility of an alien baby, so who cares? **B** —Paul S. Katz

MEGAWATT-STAR ALERT!

9-10PM

Tom Cruise: An E! Entertainment Special (E!, TV-PG)

TC shares about being famous, his kids, and wooing the ladies. "I like that thing, taking care of a woman, you know, and having those moments, in bed at night ...[or] right before you jump off a cliff into the water, or something, you know. Go skydiving. You know, those moments." Sure, Tom. Those moments.

SERIES DEBUT

9-10PM

American Candidate (Showtime) At first it sounds reasonable: Reality show sets out to find the next President. How much worse could they do than the actual candidates? Well, at least America isn't hosted by Montel Williams.

10-11PM

Crossing Jordan (NBC, TV-14) A hot woman comes on to Bug. Naturally, we find that a little suspicious. (R)

10-11PM

The Ultimate Hollywood Blonde (E!, TV-PG-LS) The words *Loni* and *Anderson* better be part of the winner's name.

10-11PM

Wheel of Fortune on Tour (Travel Channel, TV-PG) Backstage secrets, fan queries, and a ride on the Wheel Mobile. Sorry, I'm sticking with Ken J.

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THERE'S A CURE

+Music



Left of the Dial

David Browne thinks too much Hoobastank stinks. Here's what he wishes were on the radio this summer.

For what seems like months, pop radio has been all Usher, all the time—or make that Usher, Hoobastank, Alicia Keys, and various *American Idol* alumni. Such a lockdown means the odds are slimmer than usual this summer that more deserving songs will bust out on the radio. Here's one suggested batch of alternate warm-weather ditties that deserve space on anyone's portable music player this season.

BRANDY "Turn It Up" The latest example of nostalgia for the Clinton era arrives with Brandy yearning for "some '90s music," a

Kid 'N Play reunion, and the return to her own dominance on the charts. She also claims she doesn't "wanna sound familiar," and producer Timbaland obliges with the friskiest beats of the summer. This, not "Talk About Our Love," should've been the single.

PHOENIX "Everything Is Everything" "Things are gonna change, and not for better" are the first words we hear from this French band's singer, Thomas Mars. He doesn't grow any more hopeful as the song unfolds, and even questions the ways in which his possessions control him. But the disco-

ball jiggle of the song's chorus is all kicky optimism, proving even pessimists can have a day in the sun.

JOSEPH ARTHUR "You're So True" The Goth-folkie contributed a shimmering, bubbly-for-him love

song to *Shrek 2*. Of course, he approaches the topic on his own twisted terms: His idea of a romantic line is swooning "I'm strange and you're strange."

SIMPLE KID "Staring at the Sun" Every summer needs its irresistible oddity—remember OMC's "How Bizarre"?—and this charmer fits the bill. Sounding like Beck at his most laconic mixed with Steve Miller at his most ingratiating, this Irish-born Londoner raps a little, puts boogie guitar licks atop hip-hop drum programming, and goes all gooey and mellow in the sublime chorus.

SCISSOR SISTERS "Take Your Mama" Has Elton John gone clubbing again? No, wait—it's actually the first single by what amounts to the new Village People (see box on page 69).

AVRIL LAVIGNE "Fall to Pieces" The slot for car-radio-friendly rock ballad should go to this track from Lavigne's surprisingly meaty follow-up. As she desperately searches for reasons to keep a relationship together, an almost-real human being emerges: Avril puts down her dukes—at least for one song.

PETEY PABLO "What You Know About It" Tired of his hit "Freak-A-Leek"? Check out this equally hard-voiced, hard-knock track, which uses Chicago's "25 or 6 to 4"—the most incongruous sample in a hip-hop track since Jay-Z discovered Mountain.

Score of the Week

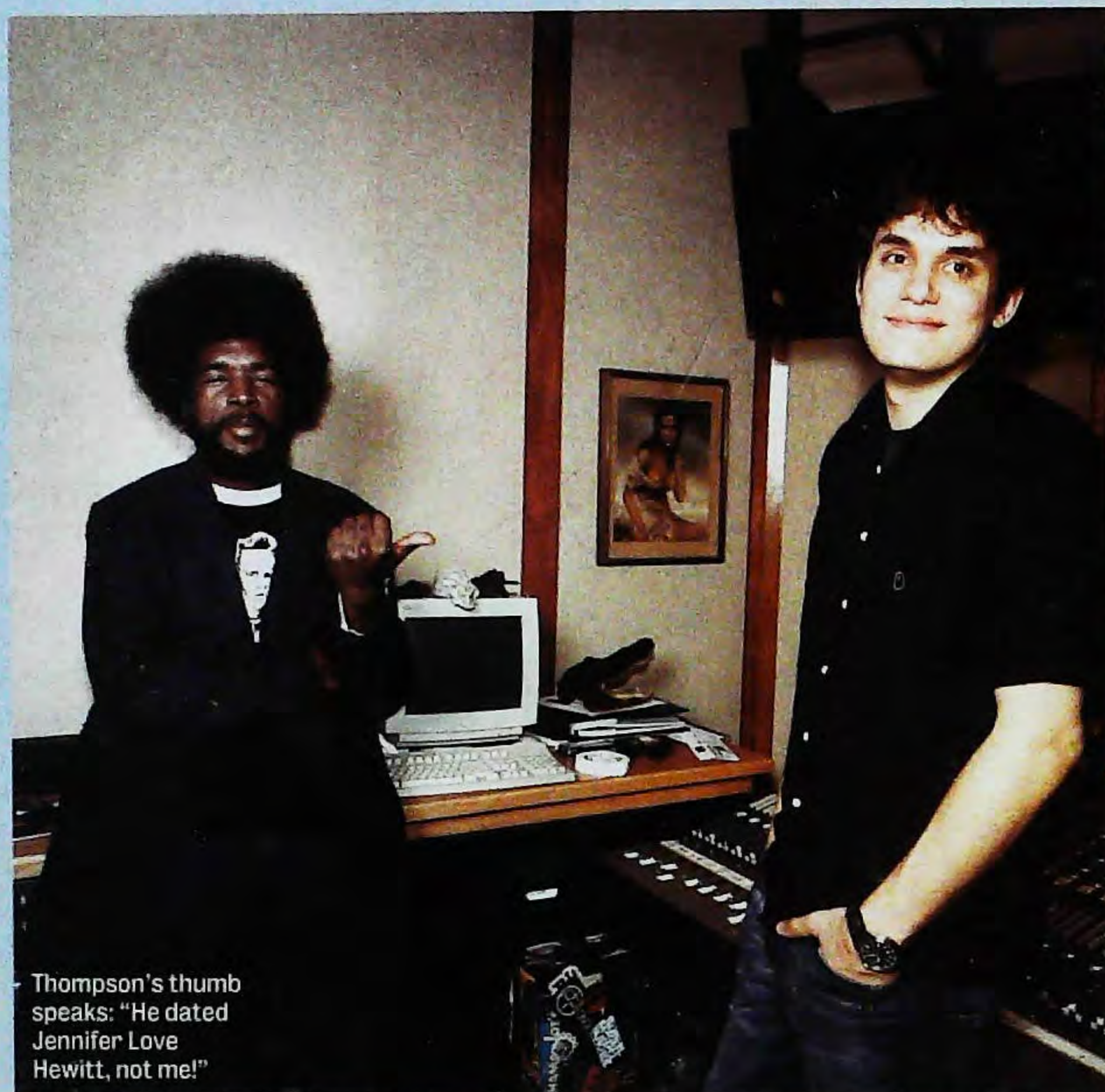
NELLY'S ACTING DEBUT

The rapper signed on to costar with Chris Rock and Adam Sandler in a remake of the 1974 prison-football flick *The Longest Yard*. Next up: a bit part in the update of *Cannonball Run II*.



POP SHOP TALK WITH...

John Mayer and the Roots' Ahmir



Thompson's thumb speaks: "He dated Jennifer Love Hewitt, not me!"

They're an odd couple for sure, but singer-songwriter John "Your Body Is a Wonderland" Mayer and the Roots' skins pounder Ahmir "Puestlove" Thompson are actually chums. The two recorded on Mayer's 2003 album, *Heavier Things*, and a year later appeared on a seriously goofy *Chappelle's Show* skit (the subject: White people like guitars, black people love drums). So when the duo took time from their schedules—Mayer was recording, Thompson was promoting his latest CD, *The Tipping Point*—to sit down for a chat with EW, the ice was already broken. —Michael Endelman

EW: How did you guys meet?

John Mayer: I tracked him down...

Ahmir Thompson: I actually thought he was 16...

JM: I won a Grammy in 2003 and I walked up on stage and for the first time in my life I was totally speechless.... I said, "I feel like a 16-year-old boy at this moment."

AT: I was like, Damn, he's 16 and he played like that, wow!

EW: And then you guys recorded together for John's last album.

JM: He played on "Clarity," which I composed after that whole

D'Angelo Voodoo template, which Ahmir played on. And instead of finding a guy to play Ahmir's style for him, I just hired him to come in and play.

EW: You were hilarious on Dave Chappelle's show.

AT: I forgot we did that s---!

JM: People come up to me every day and say, "I saw you on *Chappelle's Show*." That was so amazing for me, because people see you strum a guitar and they go, "Boring." Now people come up to me and say, "I had no idea you had a sense of humor."

EW: John's 2001 debut, *Room for Squares*, sold 4 million. But Ahmir, your best-selling CD, 1999's *Things Fall Apart*, moved 845,000 copies. Despite the Roots' critical success, do you feel pressure to sell even more discs and score bigger hits?

AT: For the first time in my career, I feel like there's a white elephant in the room that I've been ignoring for 12 years. The novelty of being a hip-hop act that plays instruments, that's cute. But when you're 10 years into it and you're in a stagnant place, you start to wonder, Am I doing something wrong?

JM: [To Ahmir] So the question is, what level would you like to get to? You're one of the most recognized musicians in hip-hop.

AT: I'm one of the only musicians in hip-hop, which is sort of the problem. We created our own wading pool, and we're like, "See! We can swim!" And everybody is like, "Right, motherf---er, because you ain't in the river with us! You're in your own pool."

JM: You're speaking about it from a point of disappointment. Detail for me, just for fun, what exactly you would want. Because I would consider you incredibly successful.

AT: Oh, hell, no. I feel like George W. Bush—I feel like I'm getting C's, 2.0 average.

JM: But don't you feel like for your music to be [much more popular], your albums would have to be think-tanked down into something more generic? Once a piece of art appeals to everybody, there are no rough edges on it, it's actually the most palatable thing it could possibly be.

AT: That's a challenge!

JM: But you don't wanna sing "Milkshake" [the recent Kelis hit].

AT: [Big pause] I like "Milkshake." Hah!

Pop/Rock

SAHARA HOTNIGHTS

Kiss & Tell (RCA)



Like many of their fellow Swede bands, these four women look to rock's past—in their case, to the power-pop guitars and boisterous shouted choruses of vintage glam and new wave—but they're also the least self-conscious of the bunch. On their first major-label American release, they're in search of good times, occasionally faithful boyfriends, and junk-food hooks, and they find them in unabashed radio rock like "Walk on the Wire" and the single "Hot Night Crash." All in just 37 minutes. **B+** —DB

K.D. LANG

Hymns of the 49th Parallel (Nonesuch)

It's never a good sign when an album of covers winds up making you yearn to hear the originals. The theme here is that Canadian-



born lang sings songs by other natives—Neil Young's "After the Gold Rush" and Joni Mitchell's "Case of You," for example. Her technique is, as always, impeccable; what's missing are distinctive arrangements or emotional interpretations of the material that would stake lang's own claim to these songs. **C+** —Ken Tucker

OLD 97'S

Drag It Up (New West)



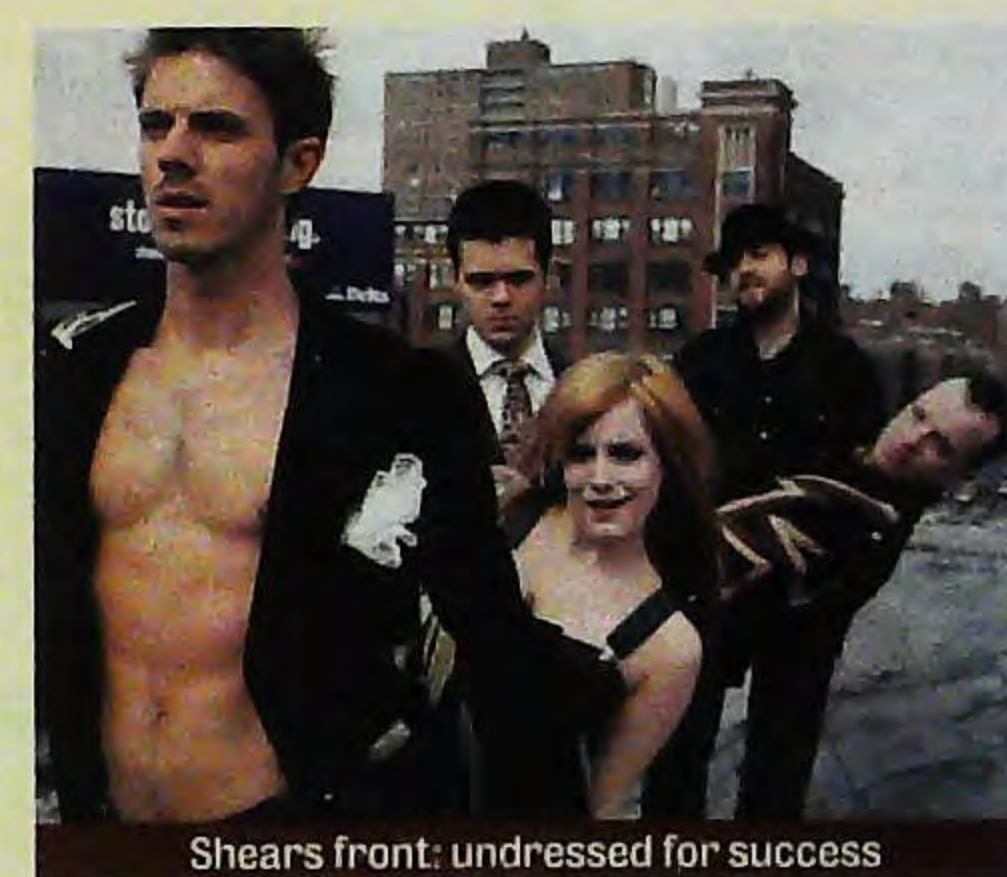
Experienced enough to have some perspective on life, the veteran (and aptly named) Old 97's spend their rootsy sixth disc recalling growing up. The CD opens with a birth (the cathartic "Won't Be Home") and ends with a death (the mournful "No Mother"), and in between covers love and loss with dreamy nostalgia ("Bloomington") and utter goofiness ("Coahuila," where they rhyme "ravioli" with "kind of lonely"). **A-** —Nick Marino

WHO THE @#!* ARE SCISSOR SISTERS?

Five years ago, college student Jake Shears was wiggling his undies-clad butt for dollar-clutching horndogs in a New York City wormhole appropriately called I.C. Guys. Five weeks ago, his electro-glam quintet the Scissor Sisters—an earnestly campy crew whose outré costumes and sweeping pop songs recall early Elton John—was opening for the knight himself (a devoted fan) when Shears unintentionally gave an all-new peep show to 25,000 mystified English fogies.

"My trousers burst open and my d--- fell out," sighs Shears, 24. "So I walked over to my drum tech and had him stick a big piece of gaffer tape on my crotch. I had a total *Velvet Goldmine* moment."

Such over-the-top shenanigans are what make the Scissor Sisters so damn fun. They've built a devoted European following over the past year with dazzling live shows, and their just-released debut album mixes new wave, power pop, disco, and a bumping cover of Pink Floyd's



Shears front: undressed for success

"Comfortably Numb," which recently hit the top of the British music charts. Their first Stateside single, "Take Your Mama," is a VH1 staple, and Shears hopes that the U.S. is finally ready for the Scissors' genre-busting gems. "The American music industry would have no clue what to do with us without somebody showing them," says Shears. "But I think we have a chance. My mom is hearing 'Take Your Mama' at the gym." We.C. Success! —Nicholas Fonseca

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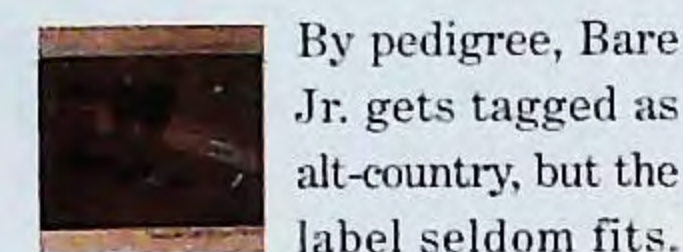
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BOBBY BARE JR.'S YOUNG CRIMINALS' STARVATION LEAGUE

From the End of Your Leash
(Bloodshot)



By pedigree, Bare Jr. gets tagged as alt-country, but the label seldom fits. His nifty little signature sound is actually an arch folk-pop based in acoustic guitars and brushes on snares, sometimes driven into rock by, of all things, a sax section. But the No Depression set will adore "Visit Me in Music City," a lovingly sarcastic ode to a Nashville where the "greatest living guitar pickers can deliver you a pizza." **B+** —Chris Willman

THE FIERY FURNACES

Blueberry Boat (Rough Trade)

Long, long songs about work at sea, in the field, and in the forest, with guitar riffs that howl like

Next up for the Fiery Furnace siblings? Prom!



hurricanes and melodies that bend like trees. Matthew and Eleanor Friedberger have mastered rock as a journal of recorded experience—their music is as ruminative as their wordplay, which can be simple or impenetrable. But it's always urgent, heartfelt, fearlessly fiery, utterly sincere. **A-** —KT

OMARA PORTUONDO

Flor de Amor (Nonesuch)



To best experience summer via music, wrap your ears around some swaying Caribbean grooves. Your ambassador: Buena Vista Social Club vocalist Portuondo, who plants you on a Cuban beach with *Flor de Amor*, a daydreamy album made with a cabana-ful of mostly acoustic instruments and a voice as rich and deep as a bottle of rum. **B** —NM

Soundtracks

VARIOUS ARTISTS

De-Lovely—Music From the Motion Picture (Columbia)



For the love of God, end the beguine! Plenty of Cole Porter fans will be thinking just that listening to this textbook case of misguided stunt

casting, with so many contemporary pop stars stretching in vain to sound "period." Worst are the openers: Robbie Williams foists Rat Pack mannerisms on the title song, and Alanis Morissette gasps for breath while feigning a sense of humor in "Let's Do It." Only when a bit actor belts out "Night and Day" does the de-rapturous side of Porter come through. **C** —CW

DVD

GALAXIE 500

1987–1991: Don't Let Our Youth Go to Waste (Plexifilm)



Masters of the mournfully minimal, Galaxie 500 kept the Velvet Underground's lambent flame flickering during the musical dark ages of the late '80s. The trio (Dean Wareham, Damon Krukowski, and Naomi Yang)

were the quintessential indie insiders: beloved by cultists, invoked as an influence by many like-minded bands. Containing more than three hours of performance footage, videos, and TV appearances that are pure mellow gold, this two-disc set is a fan's perfect booty prize. **A-** —Marc Weingarten

Reissues

JAMES BROWN

Soul on Top (Verve)



This 1969 recording—Brown fronting drummer Louis Bellson's big band—is no novelty. It's a signpost at the crossroads of jazz and soul. Brown croons "That's My Desire" with grace, and his signature screams sound like added horns on a boogaloo version of Hank Williams' "Your Cheatin' Heart." Five

extended tracks, especially "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag," make this especially thrilling. **A-** —Larry Blumenfeld

VAN HALEN

The Best of Both Worlds (Warner Bros.)



"Turn your clock back," Sammy Hagar shrieks, appropriately, on "It's About Time," the sturdy new stomper that kicks off an expansive hits set from the originators of squealing pop-metal. Though the two-disc *Worlds* reprises much of the band's 1996 best-of CD, it does add essentials like the harmony-soaked "Jamie's Crying" and the libidinous "Poundcake." But it's also padded with torpid Van Hagar ballads ("Love Walks In") and tacky Roth-era covers ("Dancing in the Streets"). **B** —Brian Hiatt

DOWNLOAD THIS



► "Crime pays," raps **SHYNE** on "More or Less"—an odd claim, considering he's in prison. Still, the prerelease from his Aug. 10 comeback, *Godfather Buried Alive*, is a welcome taste of his Biggie-like flow. ITUNES.COM



► After a 10-year break, rootsy indie rockers **AMERICAN MUSIC CLUB** sound revitalized, if typically moody, on "Another Morning," a preview of October's *Love Songs for Patriots*. AMERICANMUSICCLUB.COM



► Brit rapper **DIZZEE RASCAL** is only getting better, judging from his breakbeat-driven new single, "Stand Up Tall." WWW.BBC.CO.UK/RADIO/AOD/1XTRA_AOD.SHTML?1XTRA_DIZZEE_STANDUPTALL



► *Half Smiles of the Decomposed*, **GUIDED BY VOICES'** final CD (due Aug. 24) marks a return to form for the indie icons. Dig their buoyant "Everybody Thinks I'm a Raincloud (When I'm Not Looking)." WWW.GBV.COM

The Chart



THE BIG 'CHILL' Summertime, and the livin' is easy—especially if you're a margarita-sippin' professional slacker like Jimmy Buffett, who had no trouble convincing some 238,000 Parrotheads to fork over their hard-earned cash for *License to Chill*. Not all consumers craved

music quite so mellow, as the No. 4 showing for hip-hop heroes the Roots' *The Tipping Point* (109,000 copies sold) demonstrates. Meanwhile, Prince's *Musicology* reentered the top 15 at No. 8 with 74K sold (see below), followed closely by the Hilary Duff-heavy soundtrack to *A Cinderella Story*.

POP ALBUMS

	LAST WEEK		WEEKS ON CHART
1	—	JIMMY BUFFETT <i>License to Chill</i> , RCA Nashville/Mailboat	1
2	2	USHER <i>Confessions</i> , LaFace/Zomba	17
3	1	LLOYD BANKS <i>The Hunger for More</i> , G-Unit/Interscope	3
4	—	THE ROOTS <i>The Tipping Point</i> , Geffen	1
5	3	GRETCHEN WILSON <i>Here for the Party</i> , Epic Nashville	10
6	5	AVRIL LAVIGNE <i>Under My Skin</i> , Arista/RCA	8
7	6	BIG & RICH <i>Horse of a Different Color</i> , Warner Bros. Nashville	11
8	64	PRINCE <i>Musicology</i> , NPG/Columbia	13
9	—	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>A Cinderella Story</i> soundtrack, Disney	1
10	10	LOS LONELY BOYS <i>Los Lonely Boys</i> , Or/Epic	21
11	4	JADAKISS <i>Kiss of Death</i> , Interscope	4
12	11	JOJO <i>JoJo</i> , Blackground/Universal	4
13	8	VELVET REVOLVER <i>Contraband</i> , RCA	6
14	7	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>Spider-Man 2</i> soundtrack, Columbia	4
15	12	D12 <i>D12 World</i> , Shady/Interscope	12

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THE FALL AND RISE OF PRINCE

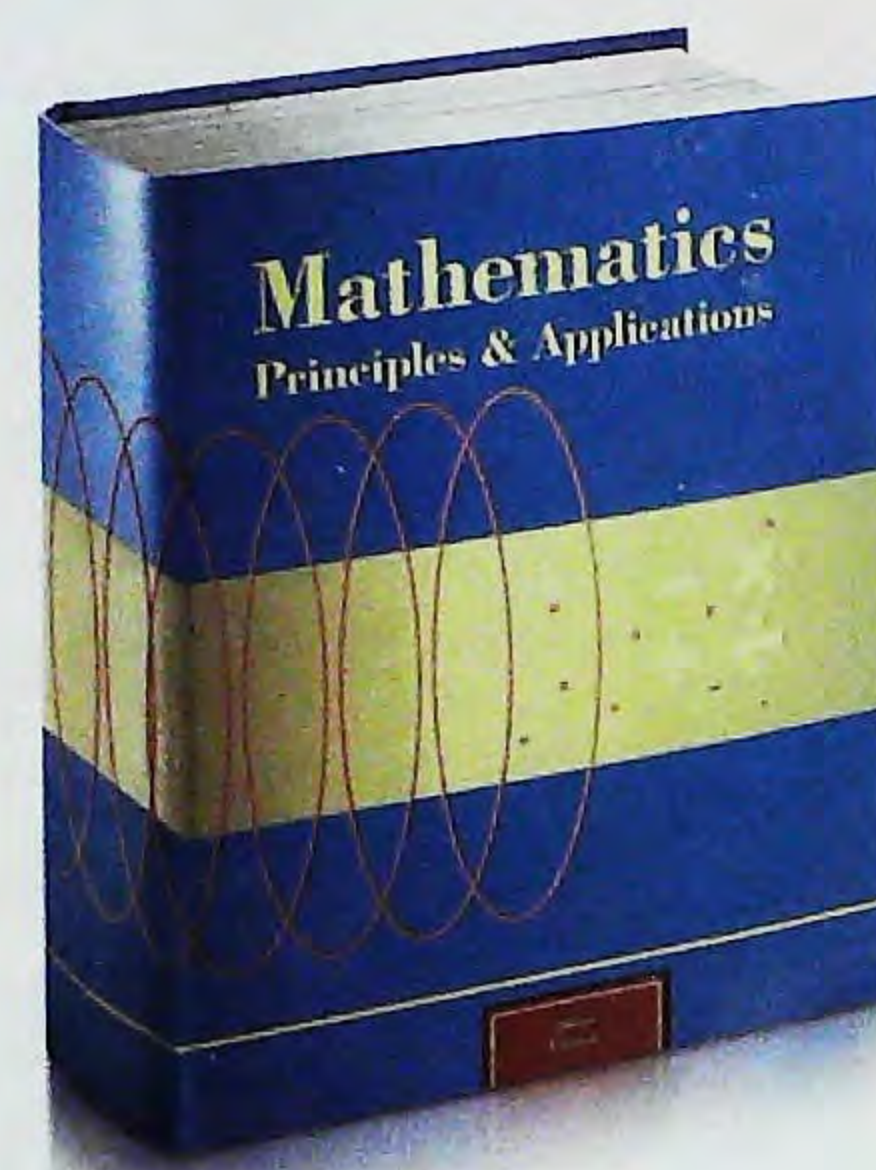
THE BELITTLED PRINCE? The artist formerly known as The Artist Formerly Known As must have done something to seriously offend America. Or maybe a memo went out to the nation to boycott Jehovah's Witnesses in clear plastic heels. Either way, something was up, with his *Musicology* falling from No. 15 to No. 64 in the week ending July 11, a 68 percent drop-off in sales—from 61,000 units to 19,000—the steepest of any disc in the top 200.

HEAR YE, HEAR YE! Keep your crown on, fella. It's just that the Occasionally Purple One was taking a week off from his hits-laden sold-out arena tour, where everyone who bought a concert ticket was counted as having also purchased a copy of the disc—which was being handed to each person at the door. Music-industry watchers have been wondering how many of his impressive unit tallies have actually been via normal retail channels, and now we can take an educated guess: about a third. If that seems diminutive, Prince fans might point out that a 19,000-copy week is not terrible for an album that's been out for three months.

ROYALLY FLUSH In any case, now that Prince is back on the road, what went down must come up. Several gigs fell within the week ending July 18, so *Musicology* predictably registered a huge gain of 288 percent, moving back up to No. 8, with sales of 74,000. So yeah, you plebes—he still rules.



WANT MORE MUSIC? If you're a subscriber, check out Listen2This, our free monthly music supplement. Recent issues of L2T have featured stories on the Beastie Boys and the Cure, and CD recommendations from Sofia Coppola. PLUS: the best in new music and reviews of videogames and comics. To sign up, visit ew.com/register2listen.



Expand your mind. Well, enough of that.

Whatever it is you're looking for, do it eBay.



+Books

Now I Slay Me...

Two gruesome new thrillers feature bloodthirsty protagonists and high body counts. by Jennifer Reese

DARKLY DREAMING DEXTER

Jeff Lindsay
Thriller (Doubleday, \$22.95)

A CARNIVORE'S INQUIRY

Sabina Murray
Thriller (Grove, \$23)



We aren't usually asked to take fictional serial killers into our hearts, perhaps because it's a losing proposition. Hannibal Lecter is seductive, but he ain't lovable; you may feel for Tom Ripley, but you never want to hug him. Dexter Morgan, the strenuously affable narrator of Jeff Lindsay's *Darkly Dreaming Dexter*, may be the first serial killer who unabashedly solicits our love. A psychopath so cuddly and upstanding that he only murders "bad people," Dex

introduces himself one moonlit night as he gleefully snuffs the life of a child-killing priest. "A few more neatly wrapped bags of garbage and my one small corner of the world is a neater, happier place," he announces. "I enjoy my work. Sorry if that bothers you. Oh, very sorry, really. But there it is."

Whether or not that does in fact bother you may determine whether you will be able to stomach this smirky first novel. Early in his childhood, a mysterious trauma planted in little Dex the urge to kill and dismember. He was subsequently adopted by a kindly cop who made a momentous decision: Rather than pack the budding monster off to an institution, he suggested Dex find a philanthropic outlet for his urges. ("There are plenty of people who deserve it, Dex...")

Dexter has dutifully followed Pop's advice. All grown up now,



Authors
Murray and
Lindsay
(below)

he has an apartment, a girlfriend, and a day job with the Miami police. But by night he slaughters child molesters. Can a psycho like Dexter really keep his appetite under such tight control? Innocent Miami women begin turning up decapitated and posed in outrageously grisly tableaux. Dexter intuitively more

over the long haul.

With a taste for Goya, tequila, and perhaps human blood, Katherine Shea, the pallid, promiscuous young narrator of Sabina Murray's elegantly written *A Carnivore's Inquiry*, is another scorpion you're not sure you want to curl up with. But at least she never tries to ingratiate her-



self. Secretive, cerebral, and thoroughly unreliable, 22-year-old Katherine has recently returned to the U.S. from Italy with no particular plans for her life. She starts sponging off a jowly older lover,

then heads off in his car on a cross-country trip, leaving behind a trail of men with their throats ripped out. Just about everything Katherine has to say is provocative and intriguing, and she punctuates her travelogue with clever disquisitions on art and cannibalism.

The characters are weird, funny, and original; every sentence crackles, and the dialogue defines punchy. PEN/Faulkner winner Murray is a big talent, and the only piece of her second novel that doesn't really work is the macabre, sensationalistic plot. Katherine is a smart, strange, and compelling narrator; her eating habits turn out to be the least credible, not to mention the least interesting, thing about her. *Dexter*: **C** *Carnivore*: **B-**

BROKEN AS THINGS ARE

Martha Witt
Debut Novel (Henry Holt, \$23)



Fifty pages into *Broken*, a reader may feel a little stranded in a dense forest of steamy prose and dark Southern gothic themes. Stay a while. Witt's debut, about a 14-year-old North Carolina girl and her symbiotic relationship with her disturbed older brother, soon takes a seductive hold, despite its wobbly start. Morgan-Lee and Ginx communicate in made-up words, a private language that isolates them from the rest of their confused family and their sleepy hometown of eccentrics. When Morgan-Lee bends toward a neighborhood boy, Ginx explodes, desperate not to share his one tether to the world. The reward of this intense read is a sister's thoughtful struggle for a way to love her sibling without losing herself. **B**—Karen Valby

THE DIVE

Pipin Ferreras
Memoir (ReganBooks, \$25.95)



Ferreras and his wife, Audrey, really loved each other and were really obsessed with the sport of "no limits"

free diving, in which divers strap themselves to metal sleds and hurtle downward to depths of more than 500 feet below the sea's surface. This, of course, can lead to the worst kind of trouble—you learn in Chapter 1 that Audrey's last dive was, well, her last. While the writing is self-conscious and the love story saccharine, the book feels honest. The drama and danger of the record-breaking dives keep you on the line. Pipin admirably exposes his own falli-

bility, suggesting that his competitiveness and stubbornness may have contributed to Audrey's awful end. **B+**—Kostya Kennedy

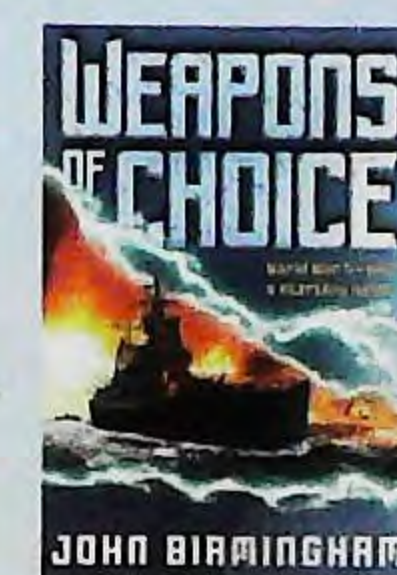
INDELIBLE

Karin Slaughter
Thriller (Morrow, \$24.95)



Like a trick rider who gallops around the circus ring standing astride two stallions, Slaughter balances

SCI-FI 101: SPACE INVADERS



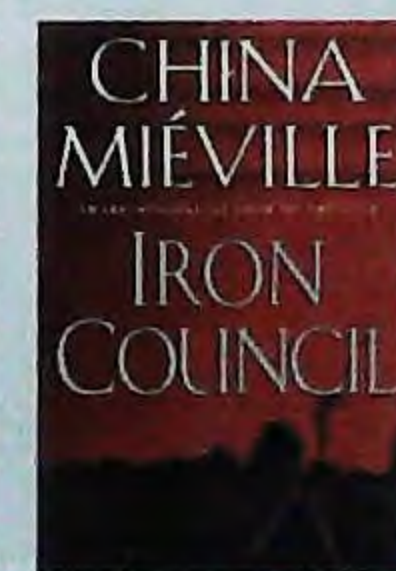
WEAPONS OF CHOICE John Birmingham (*Del Rey*, \$15.95) A wormhole experiment goes awry, sending a coed, multi-ethnic U.S. naval fleet from 2021 back to 1942 to battle the Axis Powers—not to mention prejudiced American jarheads. *Logline* Pearl Harbor meets *The Philadelphia Experiment* *Source of Angst* "...It was a hell of a thing to ask a man to accept, that he'd been ripped right out of time itself." *Key Concepts* Time travel, smart weaponry *Lowdown* Birmingham's enthralling battle-ground mixes provocative historical fiction and socially conscious futurism. **A**



IRON SUNRISE Charles Stross (*Ace*, \$23.95) After a terrorist bombing decimates the planet Moscow, counteroffensive missiles are automatically sent to destroy nearby worlds—unless a crew of special ops and a Goth teen named Wednesday can stop them. *Logline* *When Worlds Collide* meets *La Femme Nikita* *Source of Angst* "Let's hope we can get to the bottom of this before the assassins murder 800 million people." *Key Concepts* Eugenics, personal digital jewelry *Lowdown* *Sunrise*, while unnecessarily complex in spots, is a Hollywood thriller with a cyberpunk heart. **B+**



RADIANT James Alan Gardner (*Eos*, \$23.95) A superintelligent alien moss, the Balrog, leads the elite but expendable Explorer Corps on a perilous trip to uncover their godlike origins. *Logline* *Aliens* meets *Clash of the Titans* *Source of Angst* "The very thoughts I was thinking had to pass through Balrog spores: like a computer network where every transmission was compelled to run along channels controlled by the enemy." *Key Concepts* Parasitism, Buddhism *Lowdown* The tenacious Explorers propel the *Trek*-like saga forward, though Gardner's emotionless prose would make a poet out of Spock. **B-**



IRON COUNCIL China Miéville (*Ballantine*, \$24.95) Insurrectionists foment rebellion in New Crobuzon, a Dickensian urban-blight land where criminals are turned into slaves and given horses' bodies with steam-piston legs. *Logline* *A.I. meets How the West Was Won* *Source of Angst* New Crobuzon is losing the war with a mysterious foe armed with magical weapons. *Key Concepts* Alchemy, class war *Lowdown* Miéville's phantasmagoric story is eclipsed by a glut of flawed heroes and an invented vernacular that impedes its own progress. **C+**—Noah Robischon



Winner of the Week

CLAY AIKEN

In November, Random House will release an "inspirational memoir" by *American Idol*'s redheaded runner-up, *Learning to Sing: Hearing the Music in Your Life. Beats hearing his music in our lives.*

On a blazing June day in the Florida Keys, Carl Hiaasen—lean, sun-browned, a youthful 51—is hanging out at a seafood joint where everybody knows his name. He lives down the road in a big house on Florida Bay, with a lovely family and all the comforts the world offers a consistently best-selling writer of airport-ready comedies. This would seem a recipe for a carefree life in paradise, but Hiaasen got here by drawing on a well of bile, and it is bottomless.

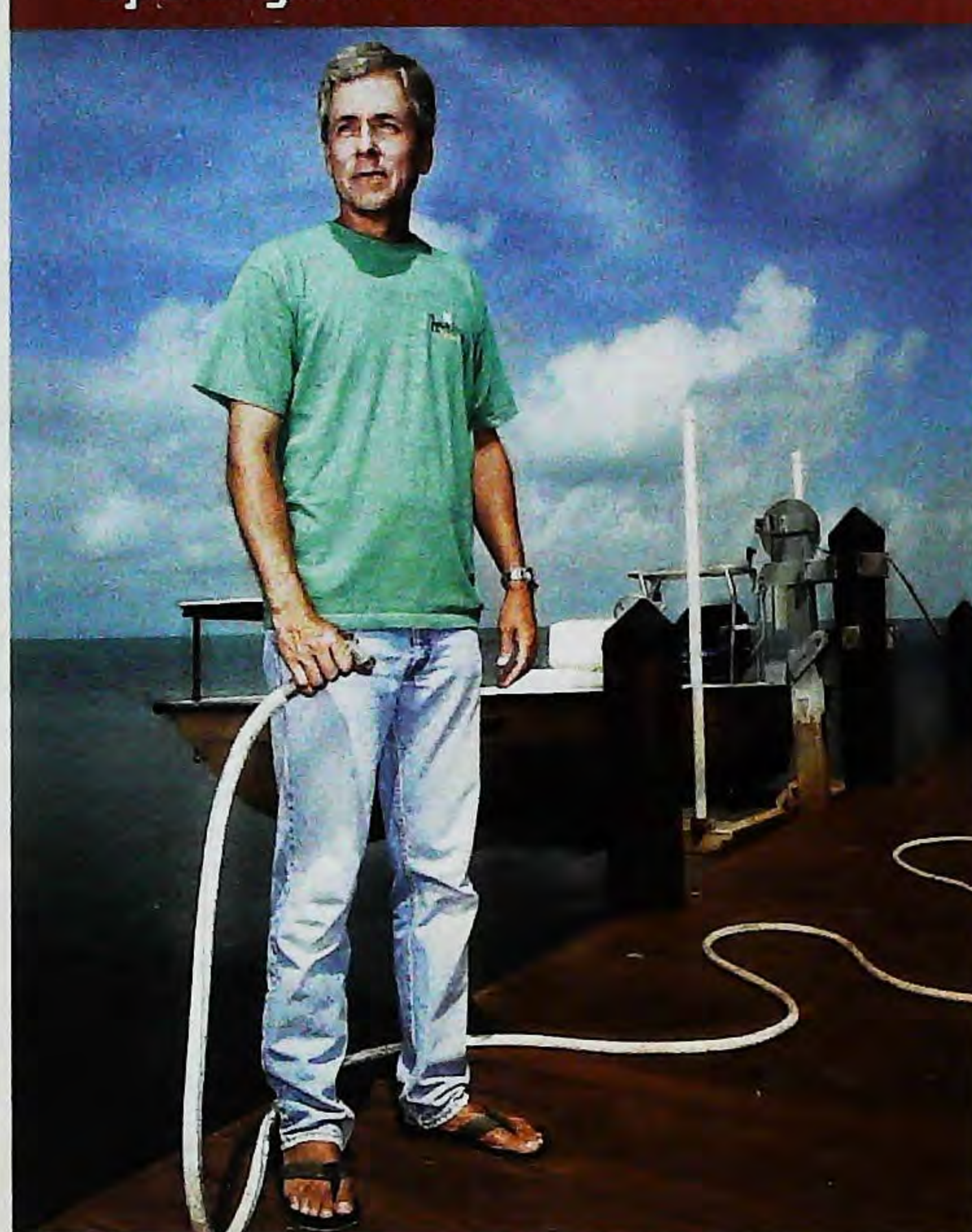
Asked what it is that makes Florida—the stage set for his burlesques of greed and lust—so weird, he says, “Its history is rich with sleaze,” embarking on a rant ranging from pirates and scalawags to Boca Raton boiler rooms. The Walt Disney Company is a favorite target; in 1998, he published a polemic titled *Team Rodent: How Disney Devours the World*, finding it therapeutic to write a screed: “That’s what I do most of the time anyway. I’m in a constant state of”—pause—“you know”—pause—“emotional distress. I’m sure that’s where most

of my writing energy comes from.” As one friend, the humorist Dave Barry, says: “There’s real anger in Carl for whatever reason. It’s a good thing he’s able to write books and kill bonefish or else he might be an ax murderer. And a good one. And a likable one.”

The books—*Skinny Dip* (Knopf, \$24.95) is his 10th novel—define their own genre: the gonzo-absurdist, mangrove-hugging suspense thriller. The common theme is antipathy for unfailingly craven government and unbelievably odious overdevelopment and environmental plunder. *Skinny Dip* finds a quack biologist working to murder both his wife and, for the sake of a real estate scheme, the Everglades, the area dearest to the author’s heart.

Hiaasen was born in Fort Lauderdale and grew up on its outskirts just in time to be scarred by their destruction. Of *Hoot*, his 2002 children’s book, he says: “The little burrowing owls at the centerpiece of that novel are right out of my childhood. They all

Spotlight on CARL HIAASEN



Mr. Sunshine

Anger management, South Florida style: In *Skinny Dip*, the author again dives into his home’s moral swamps. by Troy Patterson

self officially condemned by the Miami city council and sued, unsuccessfully, by the city’s mayor.

His career as a novelist started with three thrillers cowritten for easy cash; it emerged as a project in “meting out justice.” In 1986, he published *Tourist Season*, starring a newspaper columnist so revulsed by the trampling of South Florida that he begins a terrorist campaign involving, for instance, killing the president of the Miami chamber of commerce with a toy alligator. His debut found him fully formed. “Carl’s not someone who’s evolved,” says Hiaasen’s agent, Esther Newberg, intending a compliment. “He’s one of those people who hit the ground running.” Nine novels later, it’s as if he’s still running for his life: “I had a friend of mine say to me, ‘When are you gonna write a serious novel?’ I said, ‘You don’t understand. This stuff is deadly serious to me.’”

got bulldozed.” His recurring hero Skink—a governor who fled his mansion to become a swamp-dwelling vigilante—was inspired by an old friend whose hostility toward real estate developers ended only with his suicide at age 17. Hiaasen’s own indignation was bolstered by the locally set detective novels of John D. MacDonald: “He would get off on these riffs about what was happening to Florida—the total stampeede of greedheads, as Jimmy Buffett would say.... I found out you could do both: You can sell novels and make people turn pages and, at the same time, you can get your licks in.”

Two years after graduating from the University of Florida with a degree in journalism, he arrived at *The Miami Herald*, developing into an award-winning investigative journalist, a guy who knew no greater kick than catching high-powered weasels in their lies. “The best thing in the world,” he says. “You’ve got him by the nuts and it’s wonderful.” In 1985, he became a metro columnist feisty enough to get him-

murders, one involving Jeffrey’s boyhood friend. Slaughter’s plot creaks in places, but she has a bighearted way with her highly flawed characters and a knack for grisly detail. **B+** —Karen Karbo

BRIMSTONE

Douglas Preston and Lincoln Child
Thriller (Warner, \$25.95)



When an odious art critic is killed at his Southampton, N.Y., estate, FBI agent Aloysius Pendergast discovers an unusual crime scene: a “cloven hoof-print burned into the floor” and remnants of “good Old Testament brimstone.” Is Satan at work—or is there a more earthbound explanation? This highly compelling thriller marks the return of Pendergast and his former NYPD cop sidekick, the likable Vincent D’Agosta. A string of similarly hideous murders takes the duo from the streets of New York (“the greatest concentration of spiritual bankruptcy and evil,” believes one apocalyptic preacher) to the lush corners of Florence, Italy. While tales of the supernatural can be downright ridiculous, Preston and Child prove that the devil is indeed in the details. **A-** —David Koepfel

THE UNTOLD STORY

Iain Calder
Nonfiction (Miramax, \$24.95)



After cutting his teeth during Scotland’s tabloid wars in the early ’60s, Calder became the London

bureau chief of *The National Enquirer*, his employer for the next 30 years. *Story* is both a memoir of the laddish expat author and a history of the scandal rag and its mercurial, allegedly Mob-connected owner. While Calder sprinkles in a few (now stale) anecdotes about Jackie O. and Gary Hart, mostly it’s a lot of back-patting, focusing more on the *Enquirer*’s impact and human-interest stories than its tawdry tales of titillation. That angle may help Calder sleep better at night, but it also makes *Story* read like a deluded whitewash steeped in denial. **C** —Chris Nashawaty

WAKE UP, SIR!

Jonathan Ames
Novel (Scribner, \$23)



“We all have cultural blank spots,” says Alan Blair, hero of Ames’ terminally droll slip of loser lit, “so some people might not know that P.G. Wodehouse, the premier British comedic writer of the twentieth century, wrote a celebrated series of novels about a young, wealthy idiot named Bertie Wooster and his wildly competent and brainy valet named Jeeves! I repeat: a valet named Jeeves!” Alan—a down-at-the-heels dandy and capable lush—repeats himself, for he too has a valet named Jeeves, who seems to exist on a plane of reality between an oenophilic hallucination and Snuffleupagus. The pair head to a writers’ colony, survive a few funny binges, and weather Alan’s discovery of his nose fetish, but their antics amount to secondhand cleverness, dandruff on the shoulders of giants. **B-** —TP

Best-Sellers



HOAG WILD

Bike courier Jace Damon has to fend off sideswiping taxis, dangerous car doors, and guys with guns in Tami Hoag’s new thriller, *Kill the Messenger*, which debuts at No. 8. In nonfiction, former NWA/WCW/WWF/WWE star “Nature Boy” Ric Flair hits the mat at No. 10 with his wrestling memoir, *To Be the Man*.

FICTION

		WEEKS ON LIST
1	THE DA VINCI CODE Dan Brown, Doubleday, \$24.95	68
2	SAM’S LETTERS TO JENNIFER James Patterson, Little, Brown, \$24.95	2
3	THE RULE OF FOUR Ian Caldwell and Dustin Thomason, Dial, \$24	9
4	THE FIVE PEOPLE YOU MEET IN HEAVEN Mitch Albom, Hyperion, \$19.95	41
5	TEN BIG ONES Janet Evanovich, St. Martin’s, \$25.95	3
6	THE DARK TOWER VI: SONG OF SUSANNAH Stephen King, Donald M. Grant/Scribner, \$30	5
7	ANGELS & DEMONS Dan Brown, Atria, \$19.95	28
8	KILL THE MESSENGER Tami Hoag, Bantam, \$26	1
9	ROBERT LUDLUM’S THE BOURNE LEGACY Eric Van Lustbader, St. Martin’s, \$25.95	3
10	SECOND CHANCE Danielle Steel, Delacorte, \$20	2

NONFICTION

		WEEKS ON LIST
1	MY LIFE Bill Clinton, Knopf, \$35	3
2	THE SOUTH BEACH DIET Arthur Agatston, M.D., Rodale, \$24.95	65
3	DRESS YOUR FAMILY IN CORDUROY AND DENIM David Sedaris, Little, Brown, \$24.95	6
4	SHADOW DIVERS Robert Kurson, Random House, \$26.95	6
5	EATS, SHOOT & LEAVES Lynne Truss, Gotham, \$17.50	13
6	THE PURPOSE-DRIVEN LIFE Rick Warren, Zondervan, \$19.99	75
7	FATHER JOE: THE MAN WHO SAVED MY SOUL Tony Hendra, Random House, \$24.95	6
8	THE SOUTH BEACH DIET COOKBOOK Arthur Agatston, M.D., Rodale, \$25.95	13
9	THE AUTOMATIC MILLIONAIRE: A POWERFUL ONE-STEP PLAN TO LIVE AND FINISH RICH David Bach, Broadway, \$19.95	17
10	RIC FLAIR: TO BE THE MAN Ric Flair with Keith Elliot Greenberg, World Wrestling Entertainment, \$26	1

SOURCE: PUBLISHERS WEEKLY, WEEK OF JULY 5–JULY 11, 2004

NEW IN PAPERBACK

KILL YOUR IDOLS Edited by Jim DeRogatis and Carmel Carrillo (Barricade, \$16) A gang of Gen-X and -Y music critics slaughter sacred cows like *Born to Run*, *Rumours*, and *Sgt. Pepper*’s (“a bloated and baroque failed concept album”)—with hilarious results. Guaranteed to infuriate any boomer rock fan.

WHEN HOLLYWOOD HAD A KING Connie Bruck (Random House, \$16.95) An emperor might be more like it. In one of EW’s top nonfiction books of 2003, Bruck details the 50-plus-year reign of Lew Wasserman, the famed “suit” who built the agency MCA into a giant movie/television conglomerate.

The Great American Pop Culture Quiz



WIN PRIZES!

TO REFERENCE A POPULAR GAME SHOW, "We'll take potent quotables for \$200, Alex." Okay, the answers to this week's quiz—an ode to memorable film dialogue—won't earn you big bucks. But one lucky reader can win a treasure trove of DVDs (uh, 10) selected from our movie-lines feature. Write your answers on 3" x 5" paper, and send them to The Great American Pop Culture Quiz Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 9206, Medford, NY 11763-9206. Entries must be postmarked between July 22 and July 28, 2004. The winner will be randomly selected from a pool of correct entries. (No purchase necessary.) The answers will run on the back page of next week's issue. Please read the official sweepstakes rules on page 6.

1 Name the flick that features these less-quoted but still memorable movie lines:

A "I'm not even going to swat that fly. I hope they are watching. They'll see. They'll see and they'll know, and they'll say, 'Why, she wouldn't even harm a fly...'"

B "Do you prefer 'fashion victim' or 'ensemble challenged'?"

C "She was beautiful; she was young; she was innocent. She was the greatest piece of ass I've ever had...!"

D "Keep your panty hose on!"

2 What is the only line spoken in Mel Brooks' *Silent Movie*?

3 Who uttered these lines and in what movie? (Either the character or the actor is an acceptable answer.)

A "Walter, there is too much pepper on my paprikash."

B "The film's great. And I just was wondering whether you ever thought of having more horses in it."

C "I tell you things, you tell me things. Not about this case, though. About yourself. Quid pro quo. Yes or no?"

D "Yeah, I forgot my mantra."



5 Which expletive-strewn rant is not from David Mamet's expletive-strewn *Glengarry Glen Ross*?

A "F--- the machine? F--- the machine? F--- the machine!"

B "To help us, not to f--- us up."

C "All I want is a f--- in' doughnut!"

D "What the hell are you? You're a f--- in' secretary. F--- you!"

4 Fill in the blank. Complete the favorite phrase from...



2001: A Space Odyssey

1 Look, Dave, I can see you're really upset about this. I honestly think you ought to sit down calmly, take _____ and think things over.



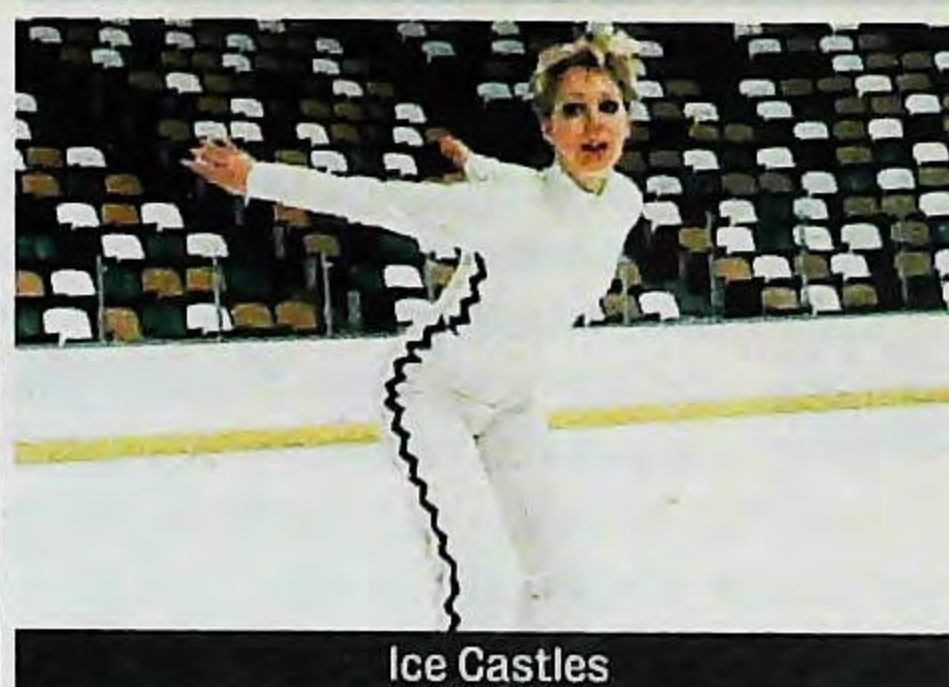
Young Frankenstein

2 Wait. Wait. Where are you going? I was gonna make _____



Ghostbusters

3 We came, we saw, we _____



Ice Castles

4 We forgot about _____





GENUINE SINCE 1937



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Uploaded by:**

**Lost Library
of the
Atypical
and
Unobtainable**

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